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MAUREEN DHU,
THE ADMIRAL'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE CLADDAGH.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

CHAPTER X.

That same evening while Shan, still smarting under his recent discomfiture, paced up and down the narrow street, in front of his now lonely dwelling, ashamed to stay away from the friends and companions who were holding high festival in the next tavern in honor of his recent loss, and yet unwilling to drink, more through fear of Maureen's displeasure, a gentleman from town, a good customer of his, appeared unexpectedly before him.

"A good evening, Shan."

"A good evenin' kindly, sir—is it taking the air you are out this way?"

"Partly that, Shan, and partly on business with you. Are you going out to-morrow?"

"Well, I b'lieve so—it's three or four days since we done anything."

"I know that, and we have suffered for it, I assure you. But never mind, the worse luck now the better again. Now, Shan, I am going to have some friends to dinner, day after to-morrow, and I want you, if you happen on a good turbot, mind I say a *good* one, to keep it for me. If you shouldn't have one yourself, you know, you can speak to some of the others."

"I don't know about that, your honor," said Shan doggedly, "I can't promise."

"You can't, eh? and why not, pray?"

"Why just because it's my belief that you'll not get e'er a turbot at all in the Claddagh, if there was fifty o' them in it."

"Well, really my good fellow, you surprise me—what *do* you mean?"

"Why, in regard to the difference you had with Brian Kineely about that salmon—you never paid him for it since, did you?"

"Pay him! why certainly not—he was overcharging me for the fish when I came to pay him for it, and wouldn't take what I knew to be a reasonable price, so I told him to make his best of it. I thought he'd have summoned me to the court, and then' he'd have to take what the magistrates considered a fair price."

"Humph!" said Shan, in a most contemptuous tone, "what have your magistrates to do with us? when did you ever know a Claddagh man to go before them? No, sir! we wouldn't do it for a score of salmons, or turbots either. But that debt is on you still, Mister Hampton, and till you pay Brian Kineely his full price, and make up the quarrel with him, there's no fish for you in the Claddagh."

"But, Shan! what have *you* to do with it? I'll pay you whatever you ask, if you get me the turbot. Why I heard for certain the other day, that you and Brian were not the best of friends yourselves."

"No matter to you what we are, we may quarrel among ourselves at times, but we always take one another's part with strangers."*

"But surely you cannot expect me to give the fellow his own price now, after all that has passed. I tell you, it was out of all conscience."

"So *you* say, but you're out there, I'm thinkin', for we mostly have one price on everything. At any rate, go to Randal More—or stay, I'll bring him to you in a minute, if you'll wait here—he'll tell you what you're to pay Brian, and mind I tell you, keep a civil tongue in your head and don't object to whatever he tells you, or you'll find him worse than Brian, the gomeril! he has a little sup in, this evenin', and he has it again you, besides what you have done on Brian."

By the time Randal made his appearance, Mr. Hampton had almost made up his mind to give up the prospect of having the turbot, rather than allow himself to be imposed on, as he considered he was. He was rather a close man, as regarded money, a characteristic which was well known, and it is always an unpopular one in Ireland. Hampton was, therefore, no favorite with the Claddagh men, and hence Brian's original stiffness in his regard. The sight of Randal's lowering brow and flushed cheek made a wonderful difference in his sentiments, and he was very glad to accede to the terms laid down by the rusty Mayor of the Claddagh, in whose hands he had deposited the price of Brian's salmon, and having obtained the promise of a turbot, made the best of his way out of the village, internally vowing not to return there in haste.

Some six or eight of the fishermen had gathered together during the brief discussion of the question, and the discordant chorus of laughter which greeted his departure made Mr. Hampton quicken his footsteps. Nor was he at all tempted to imitate Lot's wife, having no hankering whatsoever after the Claddagh, which it is probable he wished some fathoms down in congenial brine.

On his way home to Eyre square, where his house was situated, Mr. Hampton was accosted by the well-known voice of Noddy Kinshela, asking charity for God's sake.

"Go about your business, woman!" was the merchant's stern answer, and he walked on with the air of a man who defied all the beggars in Galway to get a halfpenny out of his pocket.

"Wisha, then, its short enough but not very sweet," said Noddy, still following, "sure I well enough knew I wouldn't get it for charity, anyhow, but maybe you'd give me something if I'd tell you a little sacret."

"Secret! what secret?" and Hampton half turned his head, but still walked on.

"Why, then, how can I tell you anything, man dear! if you go on at that rate—how do you know but it's what I'm goin' to tell you how that the ladies are dyin' about you?"

The wicked irony of Noddy's words needed not the quizzical "glint" of her eye to strike home, for Mr. Hampton was, "blessed be the Maker!" as Noddy and others used say, "as ugly a man as ever stept in shoe leather." The consciousness of his woeful deficiency, in point of personal attractions, rendered Mr. Herbert Hampton particularly touchy on that score, a fact which was well known to Noddy.

"Get out of my sight, you old beldame!" and he raised his walking-stick, "or I'll give you the weight of this!"——

"Arrah sure you wouldn't be so cruel, Mr. Hampton, dear! sich a purty face couldn't hide a hard heart," and the faster Hampton walked on in his rising passion, the more pertinaciously Noddy kept up with him, to the infinite amusement of the passers-by, to most of whom both parties with their peculiarities were well known.

"So you won't listen to me," said Noddy at length, when the merchant was turning a corner to his own house.

"Go be—hanged I tell you—I'll give you up to the police if you say another word."

"Well! I see you'll not even pay me for the sacret—well! listen hither, Hearty Hampton,* and that's what you are, God he knows! That dandy daughter of yours may set her cap at somebody else besides Mr. Fitzstephen as soon as ever she likes, for a ring he'll never put on her while her name's Emily Hampton!—d'ye hear that now?"

It was now Hampton's turn to hurry after the old beggarwoman, requesting, in a wonderfully civil manner, to know the meaning of her words. But Noddy, wrapt up in her offended dignity, had no mind to answer his questions, so on she trotted, pretending not to hear. At last she burst out laughing, it was a strangely shrill laugh, too,—and partly turning round told Mr. Hampton she wondered he wasn't ashamed of himself to be seen talking to an old beggarwoman. "If you want a policeman," said she, "there's one—only say the word an' you'll see how nately he'll do the job. Why don't you call him?"

"Nonsense, Noddy; I was only joking—come tell me what you meant—or rather—come up to the house this evening, and you'll be nothing the worse for it, I promise you."

"I suppose not, but still an' all, I'll not go—Miss Hampton is got to be mighty proud an' disdainful of late, an' I'd be sorry to affront her with a visit. Go home yourself, sir, an' tell her what I tould you—but stay—here's a message for her, tell her from me that the ring isn't made, nor ever will *be*, that's to make her an' Giles Fitzstephen man an' wife."

Before Hampton had recovered from his speechless astonishment, Noddy had dived into a dark gateway where he could not think of following her, so he had nothing for it but to walk home and summon his daughter to a private conference on the subject of Noddy's inuendo which was, in fact, that nearest his heart. To get his daughter married into the Fitzstephen family had been his ambition for years and years, inspired and encouraged by Giles's early *penchant* for the fair Emily. Although his fortune was now considerable, thanks to his shrewdness and assiduity, together with some fortunate speculations at the onset of his mercantile life, yet Herbert Hampton had somehow never obtained a footing in the higher circles of Galway society. This was partly owing to his being a *parvenu* of comparatively recent date, and worse still without a drop of the old blood in his veins, and partly to that shabby and contemptible peculiarity to which he was indebted for his best known *sobriquet*. The Fitzstephens, on the contrary, were of the purest blood of Galway—that rich and genial stream which had coursed in turn through the veins of all the tribes of Galway. Add to this that the family character stood as high as its lineage in public estimation. Wherever Galway merchants were spoken of, the name of Fitzstephen was known and respected, for honor and probity were hereditary virtues in the race, handed down unsullied from one generation to the other. The present head of the house was also known to be in affluent circumstances, but even if it were otherwise, Hearty Hampton, with all his closeness, would have willingly overlooked the deficiency of fortune in consideration of birth, character and position being all of the most desirable kind for a son-in-law. The delusive hope of being one day Mrs. Giles Fitzstephen had early taken possession of Emily's mind, notwithstanding that the gentleman was several years her senior, and it was this hope that had induced both father and daughter to try the effect of an English boarding school in giving the last polish to an expensive Irish education. The amount of execution done by this last gun mounted on the battery of Emily's charms is already known to the reader, but it was not as yet known to either father or daughter who still dreamed on in that ignorance which is bliss, according to the poet. The effect, therefore, of Noddy's taunting insinuation was positively startling. Not that it was deserving of much attention, for Mr. Herbert Hampton and the two Miss Hamptons, aunt and niece, were decidedly of opinion that it was simply ridiculous to heed what Noddy Kinshela said, especially as the family was known to occupy no very high place in her esteem. Still from Noddy's well-known and yet most unaccountable connection with the old families, her words had a certain oracular character on all that concerned them, and hence the Hamptons were more annoyed than they choose to own even to each other.

Next day the Claddagh men were out all day long fishing, and at evening when the boats came dropping in it was a cheerful and pleasant sight to see wives, daughters, and sisters, crowding the beach, welcoming the return of all in general, and their own in particular. Shan Driscoll's heart was sad and heavy as his fine hooker neared the shore, as he thought of the mother who was cold in her grave, whose loving smile and kindly voice should welcome him no more. He raised his hand to his eyes to wipe away [the trickling tear, when, all at once, a voice softer and more melodious than that whose silence he mourned, fell upon his ear like balm on the rankling wound. It was that of Maureen Dhu, who, with outstretched hand, awaited his landing.

"God and the Virgin be praised, Shan! you're welcome back to shore! and the girl seized his hard, rough hand, and shook it as she had never done before. There was a tenderness in her voice, too, that sank sweetly and soothingly into the young man's heart, and solaced him as no other earthly thing could. There were many others to greet Shan kindly after they had spoken to their own, but Maureen's greeting was the first, and that it was so was Shan's joy and pride.

"It's a fine thing to be in trouble at times," observed Brian Kineely to his friend Yeman as they leaped on shore together, "see how Maureen made up to Shan—she has a feelin' for him, the darlin', on account of what came across him."

Brian threw out this as a feeler, being by no means satisfied with the appearance of things, but Yeman, not being in love himself, had little sympathy for those who were.

"Bother to you, Brian! let Maureen alone—I wish she was tied on your back, and maybe you'd soon tire of the load—come here and lend a hand to haul up, will you?—there's my father makin' signs to us to hurry!"

Brian willingly "lent" the required "hand," but still he kept hammering away on the subject nearest his heart, regardless of Yeman's careless indifference. "Well! I think, after all, she might have said a civil word to others besides Shan. There's me now "that hasn't mother or sister to meet me more than he has. Poor granny isn't able to come down the day at all. Well! no matter—we must only live without her—it'll be all one to us in a hundred years!"

* A similar incident is recorded by Mrs. Hall in her very interesting account of the Claddagh of Galway. It is strikingly illustrative of the "clannishness" of these people.

* This ironical nicknamo is often given amongst the Irish people to persons of a niggardly disposition.

All particular sounds were by this time swallowed up in the confused clamor of male and female voices, so that Brian's philosophic soliloquy passed unheeded even by Yeman, to whom it was partly addressed. Men and women were all engaged in selecting from their respective boats a few of the finest and most esteemed fish, to be taken up to the Convent, according to the immemorial custom of the villagers. Each of the women having placed her offering in a basket trotted gaily up the hill to deposit it in the capacious kitchen of the Convent, where the Brother-cook received all under protest, declaring that he didn't know what to do with it. But this was only a little pious piece of affectation on the part of good Brother Stephen, who was rubbing his hands right gleefully all the time as he thought of how many poor hungry claimants he would be able to satisfy out of the superabundance of the Claddagh gifts.

A few of the women waited behind the others to ask Brother Stephen for various little matters which they were in the habit of obtaining at the Convent. Amongst these was Maureen Dhu, who had brought a fine salmon, with a positive injunction from her father that it was to be cooked next day for the refectory. "Now mind, Brother Stephen!" said Maureen, "it's not to be given away this time—the last salmon we brought you we know where it went to, and something else 'id just do *them* as well as a fresh salmon, my father says. But that's true, Brother Stephen! have you the plaster ready for poor More Kineely. Her back is very bad with her these times. If it's ready, give it to me."

The plaster *was* ready, and, having received it, Maureen tripped joyfully down to More Kineely's to put it on, not forgetting, however, to go into the chapel first an' offer up a *Pater* and *Ave*.

After putting away his fish, so as to be ready for the fishwomen that would buy it off him in the morning to sell again in town, Brian Kineely went in to see how his grandmother was getting on, hoping but hardly expecting that she might have his supper ready. Great was his surprise to see Maureen there in the act of applying "the poor man's plaster" to the old woman, who was sitting on a low stool with her back to the fire. A trencher of nice "mealy" potatoes was just placed on the table smoking hot, and the noggin of milk stood ready close at hand.

"Why, a thousand blessings on you, Maureen! is it here you are now?" cried Brian in a joyful tremor. "Sure it's no time since I seen you below at the quay?"

"I was up at the Convent since, then," said Maureen, "so I'm thinkin' it's what you lost count of the time."

"Yis, an' she has your supper ready for you, too, ahagur!" squeaked old More. "Ugh! ugh! ugh! this cough 'ill be the death o' me, so it will!—she came in an' put on the potatoes as soon as the boats came in sight, for, says she, 'poor Brian 'ill be hungry comin' home——'"

"Well! an' what of that!" said Maureen very shortly, though she blushed, too, as she encountered Brian's delighted glance, "sure I knew *you* wern't able to lay a hand to anything. I was down at Shan Driscoll's an' done the same before I came here at all." Brian's countenance fell, and he forgot to peel the laughing potato which he had just taken up. Hungry as he was, the meal was no longer so tempting when he reflected that Shan, too, had his supper prepared by the fair hands of Maureen Dhu.

"I must be goin' now, More," said Maureen as she pinned the shawl around the old woman's neck, "I'm only keepin' that boy of yours from his supper. I wish to goodness," she added in a voice that was only audible to Brian, "I wish to goodness you'd bring home a housekeeper here at onst. There's Sally Kirwan would be glad to be asked, I'm full sure——"

"Maureen!" said Brian very earnestly, as he accompanied her to the door, "Maureen! there'll never be a housekeeper in this house of the sort you mane, except *you're* in it—well! don't be angry!" he added in a sorrowful tone, "I'll say nothing about that if you wish—but, for God's sake, let me alone about Sally Kirwan—I'll bear anything from *you*, only that!"

His voice trembled and his lip quivered with emotion, and Maureen saw that his gentle heart was stirred to its very depths. Perhaps she was more moved herself than she cared to own, but whether or not she made a specious show of indifference, and telling Brian that she hoped he'd soon change his mind for his granny's sake if nothing else, she hastened home where a good scolding awaited her for gadding about amongst the neighbors when the supper was to be got and a world of other things besides. It was characteristic of Vara Halliday that with all this she had a good cup of tea "well drawn," waiting for Maureen, in a little black tea pot beside the fire. The Admiral and his sons were at their supper of potatoes and milk, in high good humor after "the lucky day they had had of it."

"Did you take up the fish to the Convent, Maureen?" asked her father.

"Wisha, to be sure I did, father."

"Did you think of askin' how Father Terence's rheumatics was?"

"Well, then, I don't know what came over me, father, that it never came into my head!"

"Oh! I'll go bail it didn't," said the fond father, with something less than his usual gruffness, "it isn't rheumatics you do be thinkin' of, I'll warrant! Is that good tay of Trainor's, Vara?" The Admiral seldom took tea himself, and in general he rather affected to despise its use. It was to be inferred then from his present question that he was in the very best possible humor, and prepared to do or say "whatever was pleasing to the company."

"Sorra better ever was wet," said Vara in reply, "what do you think if you'd try a cup, Randal agra?"

"Pooh! pooh! woman, don't be makin' a fool of yourself—sure you know well enough I wouldn't give a *traneen* for all the tay in Galway town—but that needn't hindher you and Maureen from takin' a cup in comfort. Were you in town the day?"

"Faix, then, I was, Randal!—I went to see about that money that the Kerrigans owed us——

"Well! an' did you get it?"

"The sorra that I did, Randal! times are purty hard with them, for there's not much doin' in the shop, an' the wife's down with the dhropsy, to herself be it tould. So *I* couldn't be hard on poor Dermot when the hand of the Lord is heavy on him."

"Just like you, granny," said Barney with a laugh as he stretched his long legs out one side of the fire in luxurious rest, while his father took his accustomed seat on a kind of settle on the opposide side, "you were to do the world an' all on them people if it was true to you for keepin' us so long out of the money, and troth myself was pityin' them on account of the tongue-thrashin' that was afore them, but it all went off in smoke as soon as they made a poor mouth to you. Your bark is ever an' always worse than your bite!"

"That's you for us, Barney! you never open your mouth but you say something. You'll be goin' in for a counsellor some of these days, you have the gift of the gab so well. You had a good run, the day, Randal."

"Middlin', Vara, only middlin'. We done as well as we could, anyhow, though not as well as we'd wish, maybe!" And so saying he took his dhudeen from his waistcoat pocket, and began to clean it for action with a twig drawn out of the heath broom which stood resting itself in the chimney corner beyond the hob.

"Father!" said Maureen more timidly than was her wont, "I'm jist thinkin' that, after all, it's a pity you wouldn't try the trawling—they say you'd have twice as much fish with less trouble than you have now!"

Barney and Yeman opened their eyes very wide and looked very fierce. Vara came near letting the tea-cup fall out of her hand, in her first impulse which was to box Maureen's ears for her. Second thoughts are best, however, at least Vara thought so, and she contented herself with giving her granddaughter "a look that was as good as a process,"* together with a threatening motion of her clenched fist. But Randal's anger was not to be got over so lightly, and even Maureen quailed from the stern contraction of his brow and the fire that kindled in his eyes as he looked full in her face.

"I thought you'd be the last one livin', Maureen, to do even such a thing to us. If any of these new-fangled notions are gettin' into your head, I'd advise you to go clear an' clean to the Sassenachs—it's a burnin' shame to hear a Claddagh girl talkin' that way, an' I tell you now, onst for all, that you'll be no child of mine if ever I hear you say such a thing again."

"What wonder is it," said Vara, "when you let gentlemen from town come an' go as they like among the girls, an' dance with them, too, as if they were born Claddagh men—fifty times I tould you that their breath is unlucky,"

Randal was just going to say something very severe, judging by his looks, when the latch of the door was raised and in walked Noddy Kinshela with a "God save all here!"

"God save you kindly!" replied Randal and Vara in a breath, while Maureen, much relieved by this seasonable interruption, hastened to place a seat for Noddy near the fire. For this purpose she dislodged Barney from his comfortable quarters, telling him to "get up out of that an' let the decent woman sit down," a mandate which he cheerfully obeyed.

"Put some more tay to draw, Maureen!" said her grandmother, "Noddy'll be nothing the worse of a cup for the night's chilly abroad!"

"Musha, it's a friend would ask me," said Noddy, "an' you know," she added with a smile, quoting a popular saying: "I never say 'no' to my tay!"

"What's the news, Noddy!" inquired Randal.

"Well! not much, barrin' what happened Nick Sullivan—I don't know if you heard of it."

"Musha, no—what is it?"

"Why, he's taken on suspicion of killin' an' robbin' that strange man that was found in the river the other day."

"Good for him," observed the Admiral, "he was a graceless vagabond all his days, and left his ould mother to shift for herself when he might have kept her comfortable as long as she lived, on account of the good trade he had. It's as like as not that he done the deed, an' if he swings for it the town'll be well shot of him."

"True for you, Randal, but still an' all it's a poor thing to see a tender rearin' comin' to such an end. Ochone! it's a blessin' that the ould couple are under the sod, anyhow! God rest their souls this night! Vara, acushla! don't be in any hurry. I think I'll slip over to Aileen Rhua's while the tay is drawin'.

Maureen started up and offered to accompany her, and the old woman made no objection till they got outside the door. Then she said in a low whisper:

"There's no occasion for you comin', ma colleen dhas, for you know the night's the same to me as the day, an' besides I have a little private business with Aileen that I don't want any one to know but ourselves. I tell this to you, because somehow I think you can keep a secret—some day or another I mane to tell you what I wouldn't tell to a livin' bein' but yourself."

"I'm entirely obleeged to you, Noddy," said Maureen in a low tremulous tone, "I'd give a great deal to hear some of your ould *schanachus*, an' I'll give you my hand an' word never to open my mouth about them to man or mortal."

"Well! child," said Noddy after a short pause, "there's something about you that I can't get over—dear knows I don't wonder now at what I wondered at before——

"What did you say, Noddy?"

"Och! nothing worth repeatin'. Ahem!—could you manage to come in an' stay an hour or two with me some day in *my* castle?"

"Well! I think I can—the first day that my granny doesn't go to town, I'll make some excuse to go in. My father or nobody 'd be angry at me for goin' to see *you*."

"I'll be watchin' for you, then, an' mind don't disappoint me, for there's something on my mind that I want to tell you—an' that before the week is out. Go in now, ma colleen dhas, an' jist tell them that I said there was no occasion for you comin'.

After treading the mazy purlieus of the village for some ten minutes, talking to herself all the time as was her wont, Noddy arrived at the little mud-wall cabin where Aileen dwelt, and knocking at the door was told to "come in."

She found Aileen in bed, and little Nanno Kenny watching some oatmeal gruel which was simmering over the embers of a turf fire. The usual salutations having passed between them, and an infallible cure recommended by Noddy for Aileen's asthma, the beggarwoman drew her seat close to the bed, and asked the other in a whisper if her hearing was good.

"Well! I can't complain of it, the Lord be praised!"

"I'm glad of it, Aileen astore, for I want to have a word with you—*in private*."

"Wisha, then, Noddy there's no need for tirin' yourself whisperin' that way,—sure there's nobody here but the child."

"Don't I know that myself as well as you? I tell you I want the place to ourselves!"

"Take that pitcher, Nanno," said the invalid, "and go down to Oonagh Kirwan for the sup o' milk she promised me." The child was gone in a moment to the no small surprise of the visitor.

"Musha, Aileen, isn't she afeard to go so far by herself and it pitch dark?"

"Is it her?—why, I think she has no fear *in* her—she'd as soon be abroad at the dead hour of night as any other time. But what were you goin' to say?"

Whatever Noddy did say it had a strange effect on Aileen Rhua, for when Nanno came back with the milk some fifteen or twenty minutes after, she found the old woman sitting up in her bed, rocking herself to and fro like one in deep sorrow, while the tears trickled down her furrowed cheeks. Noddy was gone, and the only answer Nanno could get to her repeated inquiries was a passionate caress, and a low heart-wrung moan.

(To be continued.)

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* From *procis*, a civil-bill summons to a court of justice. The process-server, whose business and profit it is to serve these notices or citations, is, like most other subordinate minions of the law, a most unpopular character amongst the Irish peasantry.

A LECTURE ON THOMAS DAVIS.

On the 19th of December an address was delivered before the Celtic Association of Sydney, at their rooms, Pitt street, by D. H. Deniehy, Esq., M. P. The subject of the honorable gentleman's discourse was, "The Lesson of Thomas Davis's Life." While criticising Thomas Davis as a journalist, critic, biographer and poet, Mr. Deniehy's main point of view, and that which really, he said, he only cared to descant upon, was the lesson afforded by a life of high moral beauty and truth—of singleness of patriotic purpose—and a character pure, whole and harmonious, evolving itself through all the dangers of political agitation. The honorable gentleman thought that Ireland should be prouder of having produced one type of the True Man, Acting and Thinking, such as Thomas Davis, than of any amount of mere literary genius—abundantly as she always possessed that. He pointed out, though in character both were different, Moore and Maginn, as instances of Irish genius without purpose, and having little claims on mankind save the successful practice of literature under the conditions of art and art alone. Mr. Deniehy then proceeded to show the influences of such a man as Davis on a national youth, and how his daily life—his acts and character—were a continual homily to the young men of the time. It taught them that lesson youth, after its first shock on entering the world, and finding out how wide the kingdom of falsehood is, so much need—Faith in Truth and God's Design of Life. This was a teaching which only the life and career of a man with Faith in him could give. The honorable gentleman spoke of Davis's critical powers—the fine genial enthusiasm, and the masculine healthy taste which could tolerate no poetry but that which presented the human heart and soul under some one of their countless conditions. He cited also, as specimens of Davis's journalism, "General Nott's Proclamation," and "The Political Office of the Irish Priest." Remarks were here made upon Davis's scholarship, and the philosophical steady eye with which he looked through the wreck and jarring chaos of Irish history, and saw steadily the fact, the warning, or the ground for hope, far in at the centre of the perplexing, mournful conflict of things. The fine spiritual side of Davis's character was then touched upon. It came out in exquisite gleams here and there in his essays and writings—present everywhere, but kept in check, as to full manifestations, by that hard practical combat in which he carried the sword of Tyrtæus. In his poems—even in his love-lyrics—ever the abiding purpose of his life—that in which he "lived and moved and had his being"—beams through, as the star burning behind the white fleecy veil of some delicate cloud of summer midnight. This was the evocation of a Nation's spirit in the Irish people. In "The Girl of Dunbuidhe" everywhere you perceived this. In "The Bride of Mallow" Mr. Deniehy said you caught sight of it gleaming beneath the myrtle—

> "'Twas dying they thought her,
> And kindly they brought her
> To the banks of Blackwater,
> Where her forefathers lie."—

("And mine, too," said the honorable lecturer.)

> "'Twas the home of her childhood;
> And they hoped that its wild wood
> And air, soft and mild, would
> Soothe her spirit to die.

The honorable gentleman concluded his lecture amidst enthusiastic applause. The chair was occupied by the Venerable Archdeacon McEncroe.—*Sydney Freeman's Journal.*

A bill has passed both Houses of the Maine Legislature in relation to marriage, which repeals the existing law, and requires that parties intending marriage shall deposit a notice of their intention with the clerk of the towns in which they respectively reside, and he to enter it in a book kept for that purpose; said notice to remain on file five days, at the end of which time, if no legal objections are interposed, the clerk can issue a certificate, when the parties can be married.

ERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF O'CONNELL.

WILLIAM J. O'N. DAUNT, ESQ., OF KILCASCAN, COUNTY CORK.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Agitation continued—Bill for the Repeal of the lative Union—Visit to O'Connell in London, 1846—Conversation on Smith O'Brien's Imprisent—O'Connell's Personal Appearance at this d—His Physical Decay—His Chagrin at the ites between the "Young Irelanders" and the Irelanders"—Account of those Disputes—The sical Force" and "No Patronage" Questions—to O'Connell in Dublin, November, 1846—Conion upon the Secessions—O'Connell's Appearn Public; his failing Powers.

he summer of 1845 I again passed several in Scotland.

onnell's agitation of Repeal during the year was incessant. After he retired to ane, leaving his son John in town to conhe Association, he issued frequent letters is mountain home on the public affairs Repealers. Prior to his departure from he announced that a portion of his leisthe country should be occupied in drawa bill for the Repeal of the Legislative which document, I understand, is now ossession of his family.

the exception of one or two short inter- I did not see O'Connell from the comnent of 1846 until the May of that year; happening to be in London for a few I visited him at his lodgings in Jermyn accompanied by my friends, Mr. Glenn Scott, and Mr. Augustus FitzGerald, of the member for Tipperary. It was ied of Mr. Smith O'Brien's confinement rison of the House of Commons, for reto attend a committee on exclusively business. O'Brien was disgusted with intermeddling in Irish affairs; and he for his own part to abstain from interin matters in which neither he, nor his ents, nor his countrymen, took the least . O'Connell was fully of opinion that risonment was illegal. But he was also d that O'Brien's resistance to the House olitic.

man," said O'Connell, "can doubt the f his motives; but pray what principle stablished, what advantage has he gainhe step he has taken? Has he in any advanced our cause by it?"

being remarked that Mr. O'Brien conhat he was deserted by his Repeal cons, O'Connell exclaimed,

there he is utterly mistaken. No, inle did not desert him. A meeting of embers, of whom I was one, discussed question of refusal to act upon Engmittees, and we decided upon the policy iescence. Smith O'Brien entered the nd I said to him, 'Mr. O'Brien, would ent to be bound by the decision of the n here present?' He answered that d not; that his mind was made up. said I, 'there is no use in stating to t our decision has been.' Surely, after rien cannot justly accuse us of desert-

He acted on his own sole responsihout any reference whatsoever to our ts."

nhappy disputes between the "Young s" and the "Old Irelanders" were just ed at this period. There was a good snarling and growling; but open warnot been as yet proclaimed. O'Conmented with great severity on a recent elivered at a Repeal meeting in Liver- a Mr. Archdeacon, who openly instihearers to the use of armed violence. re was Doheny present," he continued, heny never checked him! I should ney to a sharp account for suffering guage to pass unreproved in his pre-

I did not fear that Smith O'Brien ppose that I intended to annoy *him* so, as Doheny is such a warm partis."

ell's appearance now struck the obindicating at last the wear of years . His step was heavy, and the vivas manner had given place to an air of

He sometimes went over to a mirror, Well—I think I am looking very old . I perceive the change in myself ch. I think my face has got a very ook."

ed in a tone of excessive irritation of ncipient squabbles between the differns of the Repealers. This was a topic ntly prayed upon his spirits.

course of the summer, the disputes in arrived at their height. I took no hem, as my sojourn for the summer Kilcassan removed me from the scene . I watched at a distance, and with f the deepest pain and humiliation, ess of this most disastrous quarrel, eventuated in a temporary breaking Repeal confederacy and consequent g of our force, at a period when the energies of all Repealers were more needed for the popular safety.

ius belli was of a twofold nature. e party called Young "Irelanders" se and poetry extolled the glories of ; and if they did not in plain words d a resort to arms to obtain Repeal, t might be feared that the military heir political writings and speeches gest designs of physical violence to nd imprudent spirits in our ranks. ll, on the contrary, preached the doctrine that "no political change whatsoever was worth the shedding of a single drop of human blood." He indeed admitted the rights of physical resistance to unconstitutional aggression; which admission might in some cases be very difficult to reconcile with the ultra-bloodless doctrine just laid down. Whether that doctrine were true or false,* it at least possessed one great advantage—namely, that the Attorney-General could not prosecute any man for holding it; whilst the opposite dogma (however consistent with the Revolution principles of 1688) might entangle its unwary and enthusiastic advocates in the meshes of the law.

It was worthy of note, that the eulogists of the sword expressly and pointedly disclaimed all intention of seeking by force of arms to repeal the Union. Their doctrine, then, was a *pure abstraction*; and it seems to me that they acted most absurdly in quitting the great national confederacy for the sake of an abstract dogma, which they loudly declared they never meant to put in practice. Had they, indeed, said, "We advise the people to arm themselves, and turn out in the field to win Repeal or die—but the Association advises them *not* to do this, and therefore we secede from the Association;" had the seceders spoken and acted thus, their conduct would, at least, have been intelligible and consistent. But to indite rapturous paragraphs about the plumed troops and the big war; to assert the right of oppressed nations to vindicate their liberties by force; to disclaim, nevertheless, all purpose of resorting to force to vindicate the liberties of Ireland, and then to secede from the Association because it made the self-same disclaimer in somewhat stronger terms—such conduct I cannot but consider, to say the least of it, exceedingly injudicious.

It is in vain to retort that O'Connell had blustered about Irish valor at Mullaghmast and Mallow. The duty of all good Repealers was to preserve unbroken the Repeal confederation—not to pick verbal straws with O'Connell. The disclaimer of physical violence made by the Young Irelanders bound them in practice to the same identical line of pacific action to which our declarations bound us. Was it then wise—was it just to the noble-hearted millions of Ireland, to create a fatal division in the camp for the sake of a bit of abstract theory, and thereby to undermine the gigantic national edifice those millions had labored so hard to erect?

The second cause of quarrel arose on the question of government patronage.

On the advent of the Whigs to power, some of the leading Young Irelanders broadly hinted that great watchfulness was needed to prevent Repeal from being sold to the new government for savory messes of pottage. O'Connell took fire at the insinuation, and asked whether *he* were meant? whether any one could dare to breathe a doubt as to the entire devotion to Repeal, of a man whose political purity was proved by nearly half a century's services? He boldly avowed that he would encourage the Repealers to take what they could get from the Whigs in the shape of patronage: at the same time declaring that such boons should never cause one moment's relaxation of his efforts on behalf of Repeal.

Whether O'Connell's policy were good or bad in thus raising the flag of Whig patronage, it is certain that arguments enough may be found to induce an honest conviction in its favor. Were all the offices in Ireland to be eternally garrisoned by the enemies of the Irish people? Was the only "Jack in office" to be the Union-Jack? Was every citizen, whose business led him into contact with official persons, to encounter the rabid anti-Irishman, or the supercilious Cockney? Were these to be the sole functionaries intrusted with the administration of the public departments? Were all the good things of the state to be monopolized by men who would keep that state in English shackles? Were the snug official salaries paid out of Irish taxes to be exclusively enjoyed by the bitter political foes of the great mass of the tax-payers? Was this giving "Ireland to the Irish?" And was it not, then, the manifest duty of the Irish representatives openly to demand and insist, that as the Repealers were the overwhelming majority of the Irish people, so their numerical preponderance should be duly respected in the distribution of offices.

Where legal patronage was concerned, the argument was yet stronger. An impartial judge—that is to say, a man who would not charge against "the other side,"† a judge not violently bigoted against the people—was an acquisition well worth seeking. A Repealer on the bench could not be warped by political enmity, to distort or strain the law against his fellow Repealers, in any political prosecution. Was the Association, by renouncing all patronage, to renounce the chance of obtaining judicial fair play for the people or their champions in such a contingency?

Mr. Smith O'Brien, the leader of the party who declared against patronage, had himself made a speech in the Association, in 1843, specifying, amongst other national grievances, the systematic exclusion of Irishmen from places in the gift of the Government. And the seceders—the implacable enemies of place-seekers—had strenuously supported the establishment of the Irish provincial colleges, whereby a large amount of entirely new Government patronage was created. Was it the desire of those gentlemen that all the professorships should be filled by anti-nationalists? That every instructor of Irish youth in the new establishments should hold the subjection of Ireland to a foreign Parliament as a tenet of his political gospel?

I doubt not that these considerations had weight with O'Connell. There was also, in his individual case, an additional reason for adopting the place-seeking policy. He might, and probably did, say to himself, "I spent the prime years of my life in a struggle to obtain for the Catholics eligibility to office. I succeeded; and shall I now advise them to throw away the fruits of the victory, by leaving office in possession of their old, hereditary enemies?

Finally, if every place in Ireland were filled by a Repealer, there would still be unplaced Repealers enough left to work the great national question.

All these reasons might fairly induce a Repealer to look with favor on the chase after office. But on the other hand, there were some very sturdy objections to that policy.

It cannot be denied that the patriotic efforts of the Repeal constituencies—efforts which entailed the most frightful persecution on so many of their number—were but ill requited by representatives who blustered upon the hustings about their stern resolves "to die, if needful, for Repeal," and who fulfilled their vows by creeping into the first good place they could get.

It cannot be denied that every Repealer who took office, thenceforth held his peace about Repeal.

Therefore, whenever a professing Repealer says, "I am ready to take office," it seems equivalent with saying, "I am ready to shut my mouth about Repeal, provided the Government will give me a place."

It is true that, in point of abstract right, all offices in Ireland are the property of the Irish nation, and should be filled by Irishmen. But it is equally true that the distributors of Irish offices are, at present, the English Government, who invariably make the subserviency of their officials the condition of their patronage. Appointments thus bestowed can scarcely be called "*Ireland for the Irish.*" It may plausibly be said that they are rather "Ireland for the English," with Irish lacqueys bribed to perpetuate the servitude of the nation.

As to the appointment of Repeal lawyers to the bench, I appreciate as much as any man the value of having friends in court. But we must not forget that Repeal was never so strong as when we had not in the kingdom a single Repeal magistrate; when the packed jury, the one-sided bench, and the tyrannical Government were combined in hostility against us. Repeal was never so strong as on the day when O'Connell was committed to prison. We had, indeed, on that day, no "friends in court;" we had no silken courtesies between the leaders of Repeal and the distributors of office; but we had what was infinitely better—a nation, confederated as a single man in the peaceful but resolute pursuits of their rights. A nation, undaunted by the foul outrage perpetrated upon their leaders, under the forms of the abused law. We had not, indeed, "a Repeal Judge upon the bench;" but we had the strength which extorted from Sir Robert Peel, in the April following, the memorable admission, "That the Irish confederacy could not be put down by force."

It is painful—exquisitely painful—to contrast the proud triumph we enjoyed over the discomfited conspiracy against Repeal in 1844, with the present condition of our body, which exhibits, alas! the weakness and helplessness of "a house divided against itself." But the contrast is useful. It contains a lesson, which, if we profit by it, will teach us to recover all the strength we have lost. We are already beginning to act upon that lesson.

I trust, that in the account I have given of the dispute between the Association and the seceders, I have done full justice to both parties. I may claim, at least, the impartiality of the looker-on; as my absence from town prevented my taking a personal part in the discussion.

In November, 1846, I visited Dublin.

O'Connell was inexpressibly pained by the secessions which were daily taking place. The Young Irelanders had swept off a monstrous segment from the Association. Steele said to me one evening, at the Corn Exchange—"It is sad to contemplate the vast difference between the O'Connell of 1843, and the O'Connell of 1846. The people have ebbed away from him, and when I hint their alienation, he gets excited, and says I must be mistaken, and he either takes up a book, or changes the subject. I talk to John—and John goes on studying his Repeal statistics, or writing his reports, and does not seem to heed me."

I dined with O'Connell on a Sunday, and while conversing in his study before dinner, I mentioned some instances of clerical sympathy with the seceders in the County Cork.

"Why you know," said he, "their bishop, Dr. Murphy, was never a Repealer, and therefore I cannot wonder at any of his clergy holding aloof from me."

"The bishop's politics might, perhaps, account for the inactivity of his clergy about Repeal," I replied, "but not for their sympathy with the secession."

"Oh, my dear fellow, you must be mistaken," was his answer. I saw that the topic gave him so much pain that I did not pursue it. At dinner he was silent and thoughtful; even gloomy, as it seemed to me. Next day the Association met, and I delivered, at O'Connell's request, a speech, in which I stated my reasons for not deserting that body or its leader. On the question of steady adhesion to the Association, I had not one moment's doubt or difficulty. Whatever differences of opinion might exist as to the policy of place-seeking, or any of the other points raised by the seceders, I felt deeply convinced that the break-up of the confederacy was ten thousand times more pernicious to the cause than all the place-hunting that either had occurred or was likely to occur. The place-hunting system, moreover, was a vast deal more formidable in theory than in its practical operation. True, some Repealers of 1832 had been shelved in office; but they were no great loss; being (with one brilliant exception) chiefly persons who were destitute of the energy or popular qualities requisite for leadership. Despite their appointment to office, we had seen a powerful national league that grew daily in strength and intelligence; that had gained *one* signal victory over a hostile government, and was steadily advancing to fresh triumphs, if it could but escape being shattered into fragments by the miserable squabbles of its members. Repeal, thus far, had proved too mighty for its enemies. Was it fated to fall by the hands of its own friends? If there were mischief in place-seeking, that mischief would be infinitely aggravated by a public secession, and the consequent blow given to popular confidence. The anti-placemen, instead of withdrawing from the Association, should have continued to give us the benefit of their transcendent purity at the Repeal Council board. They should have remained in our body, were it only to guard the presumed weakness of their *confreres* by the presence of their own sturdy virtue. Convinced, therefore, that of all the evils that could befall our body, those of dissention and disruption were incomparably the worst, I readily determined on remaining faithful to the fortunes of the Repeal Association.

At that meeting, I was greatly struck with the physical decay of O'Connell. I had not seen him in public for many months, and the change was painfully manifest. His intellect was as strong as ever, but his voice was extremely weak. How different were his faint and feeble accents from the stirring trumpet tones in which I had heard him, on the banks of the Boyne in 1840, rally the Repealers of Drogheda around him! I doubt if he could now be heard six yards off. I mentioned the failure of his voice to FitzPatrick, who replied, "He says he could make himself as audible as at any former period, if he pleased; but he purposely economizes his vocal powers."

Thus did he cheat himself with the fond fancy that the decay induced by years and sorrow was a voluntary economy of his strength.

(To be concluded in our next.)

* I am not one of its apostles, although a friend to exclusive pacific agitation.

† See the State Trials of 1843-44.

LOUIS NAPOLEON AND THE "DISCUSSION FORUM."

The following letter appeared in the London *Dispatch*, a weekly paper of large circulation, in reference to the "Discussion Forum," a petty debating club, near Temple Bar, and to the existence of which the writer of the late pamphlet on the English and French alliance attributed the utmost importance. It is written in an exceedingly humorous vein, and reminds me forcibly of the quiet sarcasm without the polish of the *Spectator*.

"MR. EDITOR:—When I got up on Wednesday morning, I little thought myself the man that I turn out to be. I was by no means aware of the space I occupy in the eyes of France and of all Europe. Reading the second edition of the *Times* I found myself out. It was late in the evening—we don't shut up soon, for my employer doesn't approve of the Early Closing movement, which he says only leads to all sorts of idleness and mischief—that I perused the Emperor Napoleon's pamphlet. There I see how the destinies of the world hang upon the decisions of the 'Discussion Forum.' He thinks we are too hard upon him, and if we continue he must give up the English alliance. 'Regicide—is it permitted under certain circumstances!" That was the question we spoke upon, and little did some of us dream the terror our debate would create in Paris. Perhaps I had my ideas. I seconded the question in the affirmative. John Bangham Rasper opened the debate. Rasper is strong. His voice is tremendous and his action is a fine imitation of Mr. Bronterre O'Brien. He flings his head, limbs and body at the audience, as I may say, and makes them all as if he wished to pitch them at the people. I can't do that myself. I tried, and I tumbled over. So I stick by the Disraeli style; I fold my arms and look over my shoulder. It was in this withering attitude that I fixed my eye upon a pale-faced chap with small black moustaches, that seemed to be taking his observations of the discussion. I need not say I fixed it sternly, and poured sarcasm after sarcasm upon all panders to tyrants. That, Sir, is what has brought us into notice; I am as sure of it as if I looked over the Emperor's shoulder when he was writing in the Tooleries. It's as if I could see that pale-faced fellow saying to him, 'The rest of 'em e'n't much, but Wapps is dangerous; he's the Cassious of that society.' Well, Sir, when I read the pamphlet I can't say I felt easy. It is agreeable to be distinguished; but I don't fancy being rowed to the Traitor's Gate in the Tower, to be hung, drawn and quartered, as we see the Duke of Buckingham at the Princess's. So I didn't sleep much that night, nor indeed since; and I wish to put it to you, Sir, whether the resolution we came to after three nights' adjourned debate has anything in it likely to get one into trouble by unsettling the peace of Europe. We considered and disputed every word of it till Rasper said, in his unpleasant dare-devil way, that we made it no better than diplomacy. It was finally settled thus: 'Resolved

unanimously, that Regicide is a disagreeable proceeding, though it may be attended with multifarious results.' Do you think, Sir, that a British jury will consent to make much of that against us? Is it treason or parricide, or anything of that sort? If it is, for myself I may say, we've fallen upon it quite unknowingly. Besides, I've looked in the dictionary, and 'Regicide' means killing a King, whereas Louis Napoleon is an Emperor. I think Sergeant Parry could make something of that in defence of us.

"After a restless, agitated night, I rose before daylight, though it was very cold, to appeal to Rasper in the business. He sleeps up seven pair in Aldermanbury. I rushed up the stairs before he was out of bed, which was a regular winder, so that I could only stand gasping while he took his braces and made cuts at me, observing, 'You —— ass, what the —— brings you here, waking me up at this time of the morning?' When I got my breath and explained the case, I could get nothing rational from him; but then he is always bent upon larking. At the Forum, Sir, he took us quite by surprise, and made us vote that Nero was the most amiable of men, except perhaps Domission. It is contrary to our rules to introduce any historical subjects without notice, and we hadn't time to get up in the Greek history, though everybody was ashamed to own that he didn't know all about it. It is only Mr. Cox, of Finsbury, that always has history at his fingers' ends, and so Rasper made us vote what he proposed. Of course such a man is not to be depended on. Therefore, Sir, I put the question to you as to any danger likely to happen to us from our eloquence. By the bye, we shall hold a committee, on Monday evening, and if we do influence the destinies of Europe, why we do; and you may rely upon it, whatever we resolve on we will immediately communicate to you as some recompense for the trouble now given by

"Your very obedient servant,
SAMSON WAPPS."

"No. 117 Old Jewry."

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

An old woman, named Catherine M'Mahon, aged seventy-nine years, was landed from the Stag Steamer, having been sent off by the authorities of Greenock, as she had been born in Ireland, and was no longer able to earn her living in the land of her adoption. She was a native of Armagh, having been born in the immediate neighborhood of the city. She married at an early age, and she and her husband left this country and went to Greenock, where they resided about thirty years, and she was the mother of twenty children. Her children all died; and in the course of events she became a pauper, chargeable on the Greenock authorities. At length it was ascertained that she had been born in Ireland, and she was put on board a steamer, and landed here, friendless and penniless. One of the harbor constables, on becoming acquainted with her case, had her sent to a lodging-house, and reported the facts to Captain M'Bride, who immediately ordered and paid for whatever food and necessaries her destitute condition required, and afterwards had her conveyed to the union workhouse.—*Northern Whig.*

Armagh.

It is now rumored that the Protestant Archbishop of Armagh purposes retiring, and that he will be succeeded in the primacy by the Bishop of Ossory, and further, that Archdeacon Goold will be the new Bishop of Ossory. The *Armagh Guardian* says nothing of the matter, and the *Kilkenny Moderator*, the accredited organ of the Bishop of Ossory, still regards it as a mere speculation. The Derbyites are so ravenous for loaves and fishes that perhaps they took the hint from the *Limerick Chronicle*, and prevailed on the Archbishop to resign on a large pension.—*Newry Examiner.*

Carlow.

A case occurred near Clonegal, in this county, which indicates a belief in the power of witchcraft to heal diseases in the lower as well as in the higher classes of animal creation. Two women, supposed to have some connection with the fairy world, visited the house of one Bryan Murphy, of Lackabeg, and inquired whether he would have his horse (laboring under some disease) effectually cured, without fee or reward. To this generous proposition the owner assented, when the fairy woman demanded a £5 note to be stitched into Mrs. Murphy's petticoat —a note of this amount being essential to produce the final and successful effect of the charm. Mrs. Murphy procured the £5 note, when one of the women proceeded to sew it into a seam in her petticoat, solemnly warning her not to open it for three days, when the charm would have effect, and her horse restored to rude health. During the process, some cabilistic language was uttered totally unknown to Mrs. Murphy and her husband, and after completing their benevolent task, they left the house. Mrs. Murphy being somewhat anxious about the operations of her £5 note, ventured to break the spell in the course of the evening by opening the seam, when, instead of the £5 note, she discovered a piece of brown paper! We need not add, that bright visions of the fairy world soon vanished, and these simple people found they were the dupes of cunning impostors. Information being lodged with the police of Clonegal, the fairy women were traced to Fenagh, where they were arrested, and committed to the county gaol to abide their trial at the next assizes.—*Sentinel.*

We are gratified to state the county calendar is light, as it has been as usual during the last few years, and that this county presents that peaceful aspect which indicates prosperity, and the absence (with one exception) of agrarian crime. But as the case does not come before the public judicially, it is unnecessary now to refer to it. The list of prisoners for the assizes are as follow: Attempt at Child Murder, 1; Petty Larceny, 8; Threatening to Assault, 1; Using Threatening Language, 1; total number for trial, 11. There is one case of dangerous lunacy properly placed on the calendar, and 14 custody cases, and these constitute the calendar for the county Carlow—indeed, so far as crime is concerned, the list for the Lord Chief Justice's consideration is a blank.—*Ibid.*

Mr. John Lamb, the Postmaster of Hacketstown, was arrested at his residence, by order of the Post-office authorities, under the following circumstances: It appears that owing to some alleged irregularities in the Post-office, an inspector visited Hacketstown, and directed one of the constabulary to post a letter containing a number of postage stamps. The letter, which was pre-paid, was directed to an imaginary person in America. According to the usual course of post, the letter should have reached Baltinglass on the same evening—but not being received, an inquiry took place, which led to the search of the Post-office, where the missing letter was found, and the Postmaster arrested. He was brought to Carlow on Wednesday, but was subsequently liberated on giving bail to appear before the magistrates, when the charge will be fully investigated.

Clare.

The Poor Law Commissioners have refused to entertain the application of the Corofin Board of Guardians requesting them to sanction a reduction of the salary of their medical officers. The Commissioners state that they consider the amount not unreasonable when contrasted with the responsibilities of the position.—*Munster News.*

Cork.

A. Mallow, correspondent of the *Cork Reporter*, writes as follows: "We had a great treat afforded us here. Daniel Sullivan (who has lately challenged Mr. Rarey, the American Horse Tamer,) performed one of his miraculous feats on a four year old mare of high spirit belonging to a gentleman in town, who kindly lent her for the purpose. The performance took place at Fairy Hill, the residence of Robert Delacour. The mare was placed in a loose box with Mr. Sullivan, who, it is right to state, never saw her before, and in a quarter of an hour, when the gentlemen were allowed to enter, they were more surprised than can be described to find the animal lying on her side with Mr. Sullivan's head between the hind legs. He remained in this position for some time, and then asked one of the gentlemen (Mr. Williamson) to sit down on the animal and sound a horn, which he did several times without producing in her the slightest sensation of fear. Sullivan states that the reason he took so long a time as fifteen minutes to acquire a mastry over the animal, was in consequence of the noise made outside the stable door, where a man was actively engaged in breaking wood during the whole time. It is a great pity Mr. Sullivan does not place himself more prominently before the public, as, no doubt, he is the possessor of a secret, which, if turned to proper account, may be the means of making a fortune for him.

The Cork, Queenstown, and Youghal Railway may now be regarded as an enterprize certain to be accomplished. Messrs. Jackson and Fell have sent in their venders and specifications, which have been accepted for the performance; and Mr. Brassy, one of the leading contractors of the day, is prepared to complete the contract for the completion of this line.—*Munster News.*

Donegal.

If anything were wanted to prove the existence of a conspiracy among the landlords of certain districts of Donegal against the people, it is supplied by the cruel farce of a poor law investigation which they have lately had enacted, and the recent proceedings at the Donegal Assizes. On the Bench, in the capacity of Judge, sat a feeble old man, whose unfitness, by reason of his great age, for the position he holds was the subject of remark in the House of Commons, when he was somewhat younger and less enfeebled in mind and body then he is now, Around him, and close beside his ear, were the landlords of the county, who had evidently crammed his poor old head with the substance of the lecture he then delivered to the unfortunate peasantry who were, indeed, before him, but who were scarcely visible, unless to his mind's eye. Not a word of reproof or counsel had he for the oppressors who were seated by his side, the notorious Earl of Leitrim, without, we believe, his penny whistle, among the number, but there was a volume of prosy censure for the miserable tenants and what was ment to be a very severe lesson for their priests. His lordship very properly condemned the malicious destruction of the Scotch sheep, but we cannot see why he should throw the stigma of acts which might have been perpetrated by a few foolish or wicked persons, on the whole tenant population of a large district. He alluded to the reports he had heard of the distressed condition of the people of Gweedore, but, he said, "at no period—as I am informed, not only by the reports of the poor law Commissioners, and of the Board of Guardians, but by such inquiries as I have been able to make (of the landlords, of course,) since I came within the county—were the people of Gweedore and the adjoining districts less distressed than at present. I rejoice at this. I rejoice at this for their own sake, *but still more for the sake of their landlords*, and of those who have suffered so much through their wanton mischief. The way to right themselves would be, so to become amenable to the laws of the country —to exert their honest industry *in the improvement of their farms;* and I trust—and they are to trust—in the good feeling of their landlords that their exertions will meet with a suitable recompense from those who are their legitimate superiors." His lordship advises the people to exert themselves at the improvement of their farms—for whose benefit? They have already made fields and gardens out of the bogs and on the hill sides —who now enjoys the fruit of their toil? We are not astonished to find that after the delivery of this landlord oration his lordship refused to admit to bail a number of persons who stood charged with maiming and destroying some of the Scotch sheep. The parties charged were ready to take their trial, the counsel for the crown said he was in possession of proofs but did not think it advisable to proceed with the trial, and for this reason the trial was postponed, bail was refused, and the unfortunate people are to be incarcerated for the next six months without a trial.—*Nation.*

Dublin.

Mr. John Donegan, long known by his zeal and enterprize in reviving in Ireland the goldworkers' art, for which he was once famous in Europe, has just presented to St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, on occasion of the festival of its holy patron, a splendid specimen of that art which he himself has been mainly instrumental in restoring. This munificent gift consists of a valuable set of altar plate—viz., a monstrance, nearly three feet in height, silver gilt, and richly studded with amethysts; a massive chalice, also of silver gilt, and a ciborium of the largest size, and of the same material. All three pieces, although infinitely varied in the details of their ornament, exhibit a strict harmony in their design, which is highly elaborate, and displays a singularly beautiful union of religious and national emblems, not unworthy the proudest days of art.—*Freeman.*

A man named Simon Conor, of Chapelizod, was brought to Jervis street hospital. The poor man was after falling quite senseless in a shop in Abbey street, and it appears was for some days previous in extreme misery. Mr. Davys, the resident medical gentleman, was in prompt attendance, and did every thing for him that skill and science could suggest, but in vain—life was extinct. J. E. Hyndman, Esq., held an inquest on his remains at the hospital.—*Daily Express.*

The business of the assizes throughout Ireland is so trivial, that many of the lawyers now on circuit will not make their travelling expenses—several are solely employed reporting for the Press. Could not an Attorney report a record case, in which "the privileges of the bar" precludes him from advocating for a client.

Feet warmers have been introduced into the first class carriages between Galway and Dublin.

Galway.

A letter was received in Loughrea, from the Poor Law Guardians of the Gort Union, enclosing a resolution adopted at a meeting of that body, requesting the co-operation of the Ennis and Loughrea Boards of Guardians in favor of a single line of railway from Ennis *via* Gort and Loughrea, to a given point on the Midland Great Western Railway. And at a meeting of the Loughrea Board of Guardians, held at the board-room of the workhouse, Sir Thos. Burke, Bart., Marblehill, in the chair, it was unanimously resolved to co-operate with the Gort Board in every respect towards the carrying out so desirable an object, and also to furnish them with the plans and sections of the proposed line of railway—as formerly reported in your paper in 1856—from Loughrea to Attymon, about midway between the Athenry and Woodlawn Stations. On the suggestion of James Smyth, Esq., Masonbrook, who with Captain Shaw, Castle Taylor, and James Lahiff, Esq., Gort, are all most strenuous in its promotion, the consideration of all other matte postponed until the general meeting gentry of the county takes place at the house Galway, during the assizes; a Board adjourned.—*Tuam Herald.*

The trial of the Rev. Mr. M'Namar on before Mr. Justice Christian. It charge brought by the Poor Law Co sioners against the traverser for forgi tain voting papers in the Glenemaddy The learned judge said there was no n ty for charging, and the jury, without ment's deliberation, delivered a verd acquittal. There was a general mar tion of satisfaction and sympathy evin a crowded court at the conclusion. Commissioners have been baffled a time in their prosecution of the reverer tleman. Never, we believe, was there ed on record a baser case for prose than this, from the order of which the rend gentleman has been thus twice t antly acquitted. He has, however, s terribly in pocket from these two tria humble curate in a remote parish is n able to meet the costs of two gover prosecutions within the year.

Kerry.

The high sheriff's carriage, while w for the judge, was very near, with the being destroyed. The postilion was w the horses, with the carriage, up and Nelson street, near the Courthous when turning at the end of the railw Church street, the horses became and in his endeavors to hold them thrown off, and on dashed the hors made up Castle street or down th straight forward for the houses oppos were very near Mr. Falvey's, draper dow, when the check they got from t stone of the flags caused them to sw the right towards Denny street, on and one wheel being in the channel, other horse and wheel on the flags. within about a foot from Sutherland's near Denny street, two horse police bles rushed forward, seized the rei with all their force pressed down th curbs, thereby throwing the horses their haunches, and rendering them to proceed. Sub-constable Lehane ju up and assisted, while the people at o their aid and cut the traces, extrica horses. It was most fortunate tha the men, who were acquainted with in the police department, that were for, certainly, had they not display presence of mind, the least evil tha have resulted would be the destruct new carriage and beautiful pair of worth, it is supposed, £500.

A correspondent of the *Cork E* complains of the partiality shown i lection for the Kerry Grand Jury present assizes, by which, in a cou probably numbers a larger proporti tholic gentry than any other in Irel two of that denomination are invite the remaining twenty-one, who comp body, are Protestants. For this e there could hardly be any other rea mere sectarian prejudice, for hithe have been no less than half the whol Jury composed of Catholics. Wha the exclusion more marked is, that the gentlemen who have been t omitted are some whose abilities h pletely identified their names wi public measure connected with the We do not know how it is that t Sheriff of the county will justify such before the public, but we dare say he fend himself by the example of th of Cork, who out of the largest c Ireland could only find three Cathol men worthy of being associated Protestant Grand Jurors. Of cou the whole Grand Jury system is bad, it makes comparatively little by whom it is carried out, but w help remarking the unworthy anim by such a slight upon the religio great mass of the people of Ireland.

Limerick.

At a meeting held at Adare, on Su 7th Feb., John Potter, Esq., in th the following resolution was prop passed by acclamation: "That the Cregan, now in the twentieth ye laborious mission in this diocese eighth of his edifying curacy in A serves our veneration, gratitude for his retiring devotion to our His conciliating manner, intelligen markable prudence; his ecclesiasti and learning; his constant solicitu welfare, have endeared him to guide, benefactor, and father; and avail ourselves of this occasion t our obligations and gratitude by b acceptance of some suitable test our high appreciation of the servic dered us. That our Chairman and ert Walsh be requested to act as T and that Mr. John O'Neill and M Canty be appointed Secretaries." subscriptions have been already from the friends of the Rev. Mr. C

the evening of the 14th of March, a
ar phenomenon presented itself to the
f the people of Askeaton. Just before
ime there had been a magnificent dis-
f the Aurora Borealis a little the west
rth; but suddenly there appeared a
nt pillar of white light rising from the
and passing through the zenith right
the entire sky to the S. W. The head,
for a length of about 20 degrees, was
l—was extremely bright, but the tail
e gradually faint as it extended across
eavens to the west. This wonderful
ry beautiful phenomenon remained un-
ed for several minutes and was only
concealed from the sight by a drift of
from the N. W., and from its steadi-
nd general appearance, it might have
nistaken for a comet. The impression
it was well calculated to produce was
ore one of no little awe and alarm.

Meath.

Commission for the county of Meath
pened by Chief Justice Lefroy. The
ing grand jury were re-sworn, by John
rd, Esq., Clerk of the Crown: M. E.
lly, M. P., Foreman; E. M'Evoy, M.P.,
Walter, Samuel Winter, Henry C.
ton, R. Fowler, R. Bolton, R.C. Wade,
Tisdall, Henry B. Coddington, J. O. G.
k, R. Challoner, J. N. Napper, Thomas
ell, Thomas Boylan, Alexander Mont-
y, Stephen Smith, P. J. Kearney, R.
wall, Peter P. Metge, J. Rotherham, J.
zon. His lordship then proceeded to
s the grand jury. After referring to
te of the main road which was cover-
h snow, and which compelled him to
circuitous route, and stating that it
e duty of the sub-sheriff to have the
cleared, in order that the Queen's Com-
n would be opened in time, he said—
respect to your own peculiar duties,
appy to tell you that the calender be-
e is a very light one. There are four-
risoners, and the cases are not more
ine, and after inquiring, I find that
s not a serious case amongst them."

Sligo.

le Michael Millican, master of the ship
rk, the property of Messrs. J .N. Russell
, of Limerick, lying at present in the
of Ballisodare, was proceeding on
his vessel, which lay outside another
e accidentally fell off the plank placed
en the two vessels, and before assis-
could be rendered him he was drown-
coroner's inquest was held on the
when a verdict in accordance with the
facts was returned.—*Independent.*

Tipperary.

re has been a capital conviction at
h Assizes. Two brothers, Daniel and
m Cormack, have been found guilty of
rder of Mr. Ellis, and have been sen-
to death by Mr. Justice Keogh. The
ck's were in the employment of Mr.
who was agent or land steward to Mr.
of Dovea, and it does not clearly ap-
what source the crime of which they
een convicted originated. A question
by counsel of the approver conveys a
at it was committed out of revenge for
luction of a relative. At all events, it
ot seem to have arisen out of agrarian
es, or to be in any way connected with
cret and criminal combination. The
vidence was that of an approver named
ny Spillane, who had been himself
t at the murder. This witness seems
e been one of the most depraved speci-
f his infamous class ever admitted into
tness box of a court of justice, and cer-
no one would hang a dog on the un-
ted testimony of such a miscreant.
d, he swears, no motive whatever for
pating in the brutal crime except that
ormacks asked him. He avowed his
readiness to commit murder to any
, with or without provocation. The
ce of this wretch was supported by that
driver of Mr. Ellis, who must also be
on as an approver, for he avowed a
knowledge of the design on the life of
ster. Ellis was returning home from
lway station at Templemore, and was
d at a lonely part of the byroad reach-
m the highway to his own house. A
barricade had been thrown across the
road, or *boreen*, at a point where it
sharp turn, and here, according to the
er's evidence, he and the two prisoners
and watched for their victim, armed
gun, and lying inside the ditch or
When the horse came to the obstruc-
stopped, the driver jumped off, and
lis, who sat with his back turned to
the murderers were concealed, was
iately shot dead. At the coroner's
t Daniel Cormack was one of the jurors
t on the body, a strange and, we sup-
nprecedented fact, and it is remarka-
t the driver of the car gave them very
nt evidence from what he has given on
al. The jury who tried the case disa-
and were discharged without a ver-
nd both prisoners were tried before
r jury, and were convicted mainly on
idence of the two approvers.

Informations have been sworn before William Going, Esq., P.P., Ballyphillip, by a respectable farmer named Edward Morris, of Poyntstown, who was attacked by his nephew, John Hackett, as he was engaged in making up a gap to prevent the trespass of cows on his farm. Hackett, it appears, thought to destroy the gap which Morris was in the act of building, and finding that he could not succeed, he procured a gun loaded and capped, and presented it three times at Morris's head. Fortunately the caps did not ignite, and his assailant was unable to discharge it. He, however, ran for a hayfork, and with this weapon pursued Morris, who retreated to his house, into which he happily escaped. A dispute of long duration as to the right of passage through Morris's land is the sole cause that can be assigned for this assault. Hackett has been arrested, and committed for further inquiry.—*Clonmel Chronicle.*

Waterford.

We regret to state that within the last few weeks three failures have occurred in the corn trade in this city, which have caused very considerable commotion, and consequently depression in trade. We learn that the liabilities of one of these houses amounted to about £18,000; the others to, comparatively speaking, smaller sums—say £25,000 in all. The worst of it is, the whole of this sum, and these liabilities, have fallen on the traders of this city, most of whom are young men of industrious, honest, and energetic business habits. These failures have, it is almost needless to say, injured business, and are the cause of throwing several poor workpeople out of employment. It is to be hoped, however, that this is but a temporary shock, soon to be recovered. The three houses above referred to are those of the Messrs. Dreaper, brothers.—*News.*

Over fifty gentlemen from this and neighboring counties attended at Curraghmore, to present two silver claret jugs to Lord Waterford. After the company had partaken of an excellent lunch, the testimonial was presented, and a short address read by Sir R. J. Paul. His lordship replied and expressed his thanks in appropriate terms. After the proceedings had terminated, the whole party proceeded to hunt; but were soon obliged to abandon it owing to snow and frost being on the ground.—*Ibid.*

Wexford.

We are happy to learn that our townsman, Mr. Richard Pierce, has been selected to execute a contract of over £2,000 for the building of a new Catholic Church in Portlaw. Mr. Pierce has conducted the works of one of our two new churches in a manner exceedingly creditable to himself and to the satisfaction of the several parties concerned; and we are certain his assiduity, activity and ability will be equally fortunate in his new undertaking, in which we most heartily wish him success.—*People.*

WILLIAM S. O'BRIEN'S ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

[*From the Nation.*]

The recent change of Administration is an event which imposes upon you the necessity of considering what line of policy you ought to adopt or support under the circumstances which are at present existing or immediately contingent. Such consideration is the more imperatively required, because it is exceedingly improbable that the Ministry of Lord Palmerston will be again restored to office under its former combination, and therefore many who were attached to its chiefs or to their principles will be at liberty to form new engagements, which may or may not be profitable to the nation at large.

Speaking as the representative of no opinions except my own, I venture to lay before you the ideas which suggest themselves to my mind as applicable to the occasion.

It is scarcely necessary for me to premise that I am now as fully convinced as I was in 1844 that Ireland ought to be satisfied with nothing less than the restoration of a Domestic Legislature and Government. I avow myself to be one of those who think that if the people of Ireland were animated by a truly patriotic spirit, this country would be able to maintain its independence under guarantees of security much more effective than those which are enjoyed by Holland, Belgium, Bavaria, Wirtenberg, the Two Sicilies, the Kingdom of Sardinia, Denmark, Norway and Sweden, Switzerland, Portugal or Greece. I avow myself to be one of those who think that many occasions have occurred in past times when the Irish people would have been fully justified in seeking to obtain by force of arms the independence of their country. But I am not prepared to contend that it is expedient at all times to incur the hazards of rebellion in an attempt to secure the national independence of Ireland. If I were an inhabitant of Australia or of Canada I should be content with the system of self-government which at present exists in those provinces—more especially since it is capable of future development to a more perfect state of independence; and, as an Irishman, I should be satisfied to uphold an international connection between Great Britain and Ireland, provided that we could enjoy, under an Irish Parliament and an Irish Ministry, the practical advantages of self-government.

Such being my opinions, I cannot speak of a national policy for Ireland without reminding you that in 1843–44–45, a large majority of the Irish people pledged themselves to a policy of which the right of the Irish nation to enjoy domestic legislation was the basis. Circumstances have induced you to suspend this claim. The course of events may, perhaps, hereafter lead to its revival. In the meantime we have to consider what secondary system of policy ought to receive the sanction of the public opinion of Ireland.

Ought we to lend ourselves to the manœuvres which will be set on foot by the Whigs to regain office? or ought we to look on as impartial spectators of the combat of English parties, with a determination to avail ourselves of future contingencies, in such a manner as shall best promote the special interests of Ireland and the general interests of mankind.

I have no hesitation in offering my humble support to those who advocate the latter of these alternatives.

It is true, indeed, that the antecedents of the Conservative statesmen now in office, are not such as recommend them to Liberal Protestants or to the Roman Catholic population of Ireland. We cannot forget that some of those who are now prominent members of the government have been always hostile to the rights and interests of Roman Catholics; and it is a circumstance indicative of the exclusive character of their policy that they have not (so far as is known to the public), offered a single appointment under government to any member of the Roman Catholic community.

But, on the other hand, we must not forget that it was by the Whig party that the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was introduced into Parliament, and that the last act of this party was to set on foot an *ex officio* prosecution against two priests for having employed against the Whigs that clerical influence which has so often been exerted in their behalf. Nor must we forget that it was by a crafty distribution of office amongst influential Catholics, that the Repeal Association was undermined, and that the Tenant League was broken into shreds.

History will relate that during the late supremacy of Whig rule—extending over a period of nearly twelve years—the population of Ireland was reduced by one fourth—that of this number (above two millions of souls) more than 600,000 were allowed to die of actual starvation, or of diseases consequent upon want of food, whilst the remainder were driven into involuntary exile because the government neglected to adopt such measures as the failure of the potato crop rendered necessary for the preservation of our people.

History will tell that the possessors of every kind of property were subjected to the most severe pressure, and many to absolute ruin, by a series of measures which threw upon Ireland nearly the whole burden of a visitation which ought to have been considered as an imperial calamity, and which ought to have been encountered by the resources of the Empire.

History will tell that this season of our national distress was chosen as a suitable moment for augmenting the taxation contributed by Ireland to the Imperial Exchequer, by the imposition of an income-tax and other taxes from which Ireland had been previously exempt, and that this augmentation took place simultaneously with a reduction of the taxation to which Great Britain was subject.

History will tell that at a time when the mind of every Irishman was exasperated by such a system of government, the Whigs resorted to a series of coercive measures, amongst which were the suspension of trial by jury—of the liberty of the press—of the right to bear arms—measures which were accompanied by the employment of spies, and by the hiring of mercenary writers, who were paid for calumniating honest and patriotic men—and it will close this melancholy page of our annals by recording that by such oppressions many of the most peacefully disposed and orderly persons in this cummunity were stimulated to take part in or to encourage an insurrection which, if it had been successful, would have been commended as one of the most holy that an aggrieved nation ever accomplished.

In regard of foreign policy History will tell that the Whigs have imparted to the English nation the characteristics which belong to the bully and the coward, by the arrogance which, on the one hand, they have displayed towards feeble states—such as Naples, Greece, and Persia; and on the other by servility—abject servility—to powerful governments, such as those of the United States and of France.

History will tell that the Whigs involved the British Empire in a war with Russia, which might have been avoided by a display of firmness at one period, and by the exercise of moderation at another—that this war cost the people of the United Kingdom at least one hundred millions sterling, but that it cost also what was far more precious—the loss of their reputation as a military nation, by the want of capacity which was evinced on the part of the British Commanders, and by the want of administrative skill which was made manifest in the subsidiary department of the State—that this war was terminated at the dictation of France, whose ascendancy in Europe has been augmented by it in a proportion commensurate with the humiliation of England.

History will tell that the Whigs have caused England to engage in a collision with China upon pretexts the iniquity of which has never been surpassed in any age of the world.

History will tell that the Whig have embroiled the United Kingdom in an internecine struggle with the army and population of Hindoostan, by a series of provocations and usurpations that have led to the commission of atrocities on both sides at which humanity shudders. Nor will it accept the excuse which is now tendered to those who are ignorant of the details of Indian Administration, that this misgovernment is to be attributed to the East India Company, and not to the Ministry of the Queen; for it will record that the East India Company has for many years been unable to direct any operation in India without the sanction of the Imperial Government, and that they have been compelled to obey the mandates of that Government as well as to accept the executive chiefs whom it may select for the administration of British rule in India.

Candor requires that I should admit that several of the evil deeds above enumerated have obtained the sanction of the Conservative party, but justice also demands that we should notice some exceptions.

Thus, for instance, if Lord George Bentinck's proposal for establishing an extended system of Railways, by an advance of sixteen millions sterling from the Imperial Exchequer, had been adopted by Parliament, the horrors of the Irish famine would have been greatly mitigated, and a most effective stimulus would have been given to production and improvement.

Thus, again—there is every reason to believe that Mr. Napier, the present Chancellor of Ireland, was sincerely desirous to enact a measure protective of the capital and industry of the Irish farmer, and though the details of his bill did not give satisfaction to the country, they were considered by many landords as almost revolutionary in their character.

It is also to be remembered that the statesmen of the Conservative party have condemned in the most unequivocal manner the proceedings which have given occasion to the iniquitous occupation of Canton.

Nor ought it to be forgotten that the present Chancellor of the Exchequer—Mr. Disraeli—at great hazard to his popularity, recorded his solemn protest (alas! too late) against that system of usurpation, perfidy, and injustice, which prepared the minds of the Sepoys for a mutiny, the immediate outbreak of which was occasioned by compulsory enforcement of the use of greased cartridges—a proceeding which was as revolting to the religious prejudices of the Hindoos and Mahommedans as an ordinance requiring that Roman Catholics should eat meat on Friday, under pain of suffering the most severe punishment, would be to a great majority of the people of Ireland.

To me, however, and to you, it matters little, whether in relation to the past, the Whigs are or are not more deserving of condemnation than the Conservatives. Let us endeavor to provide for the future rather than repine over the past. The problem now submitted for solution is, "What are the measures which the Irish people ought to demand from Parliament?" To the party which shall procure the enactment of such measures, your Members may be justified in offering—not indiscriminate support—but forbearance from systematic opposition.

Knowing well how powerless is the action of Irish opinion upon the British Parliament I feel much indisposed to encourage my fellow-countrymen to look to that quarter for useful legislation; but, however much we may regret the absence of a domestic legislature, and, however much we may distrust the British Parliament, the public voice of this country ought not to be wholly silenced by the influence of these sentiments. We ought rather prove our capacity for self-government by submitting, from time to time, well considered proposals which may be calculated to promote the well being of our own country and of mankind.

I reserve for a future address an enumeration of some measures which appear to me to deserve your immediate attention.

I remain, your faithful friend,

WILLIAM S. O'BRIEN.

Cahermoyle, March 15, 1858.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

EXECUTION OF ORSINI AND PIERRI.—Precisely at six o'clock on the morning of Saturday, March 13, Orsini and Pierri were awoke from their sleep by the governor of the prison, who announced that their last hour was come. The Abbe Hugon, chaplain of the Roquette, and the chaplain of the Conciergerie, were present. I do not profess to give particulars of what passed within the walls of the cell, but I may observe that the wretched men appeared calm when the news, which could not have taken them by surprise, was announced to them. I am assured that they heard Mass and received the Communion with respect, if not devotion. Soon after they were taken to the room called de la toilette, for the change of dress. It is not large. On the present occasion it contained, besides the chaplains and the governor of the prison, about thirty persons, the principal among whom were the greffier, or clerk, representing the Court of Assize, and the huissier, or usher, who was charged with reading the sentence on the scaffold. The remainder were apparently police agents. When the convicts entered the chamber de la toilette they were placed at different extremities of it, with their backs turned to each other. There were two assistant-executioners—one from Reuen, and the other from Caen—besides him of Paris. These lost no time in preparing the convicts for the scaffold. During the dreadful operation Orsini remained calm; and, though he was not so loud or contradictory as during his trial, Pierri was somewhat excited. The strait-waistcoat interfered with his gesticulations, but he hardly ceased talking for a moment. When the executioner was pinioning him he asked that the fastening should not be drawn too tight, as he had no intention of escaping. The cold touch of the steel on his neck when the scissors cut off his hair, so as not to interfere with the guillotine, for an instant appeared to thrill through him; but he recovered himself when he found that his beard was left untouched. He thanked the executioner for letting him die with his face as became a man. When the hood, to which the veil which covers the features of the parricide is suspended, was put over his head, he is said to have laughed, and attempted a joke about the figure he must cut. At this moment he turned his head and perceived Orsini; he saluted him gaily, and asked how he was getting on. He was interrupted by Orsini, who was himself undergoing the same operation with the same *sang froid* as if he were under the hands of a valet dressing for a party, with the words, "Be calm, be calm, my friend." Pierri's tongue ran on however. The assistant proceeded to strip him of his shoes, for in pursuance of the sentence they were to proceed to the scaffold barefooted. The man appeared to hesitate, but Pierri encouraged him to proceed, and assisted him as much as he could, still talking. The operation being over, and the toilette complete, he turned towards the turnkey and asked to be allowed to embrace him. This request was complied with. The moment for moving now came, and the Abbe Hugon cried out, "Courage!" "Oh! I am not afraid—I am not afraid." He said, "we are going to Calvary;" and in a sort of excitement he then repeated to himself, "Calvary, Calvary." Orsini, on the other hand, as calm and tranquil as his fellow-convict was excited. He spoke little; but when the governor of the prison and some of the officers approached him he bade them in a low tone of voice farewell. The turnkey of his cell announced to him in a tone of regret that his last moment was come. Orsini thanked him for his sympathy. His hair was also cut away from his neck, but he underwent the operation without flinching. At the moment when the hood was put on his head his face, which up to that moment was calm and impassible, became flushed for a moment, and his eye lighted up. The prison clock struck seven; before the last sound died away the door leading to the scaffold opened as of itself. The Abbe Hugon entreated Pierri to profit by the last few moments still left him to collect his thoughts and assume a calmer attitude. He promised to be calm, but said he should chant a patriotic hymn; and it is said that he actually began to sing the well-known hymn, "Mourier pour la Patrie." Leaning upon the Abbe Hugon he mounted fifteen steps of the scaffold, still repeating the verses of the song. Orsini was supported by the chaplain of the Conciergerie, and his calmness never abandoned him for a moment. When he appeared on the platform it could be seen, from the movement of his body and of his head, though covered with the veil, that he was looking out for the crowd, and probably intended addressing them. But they were too far off. The greffier then directed the usher to read the sentence of the court condemning the prisoners to the death of parricides. The usher, who was an old man, over 60, was evidently much moved at having to perform this duty, and he trembled as much from emotion, as from cold as he read the document, which no one listened to. After this formality was terminated Orsini and Pierri embraced their spiritual attendants, and pressed their lips on the crucifix offered to them. They then gave themselves up to the headsman. Pierri was attached to the plank in an instant. He was executed first. The moment his veil was raised, and before his head was laid on the block, it is affirmed that he cried, "Vive l'Italie—Vive la Republique!". Orsini was then taken in hand. His veil was raised, and his countenance still betrayed no emotion. Before he was fastened to the plank he turned in the direction of the distant crowd, and, it is said, cried—"Vive la France!" It was but five minutes past seven when the second head fell into the basket. A cold shudder ran among those whose attention was fixed upon what was passing on the scaffold, and for an instant there was deep silence. It passed off, however, very soon. When all was over men went to their work, and parties who had gone together to the spot from distant quarters of the town hastened home to breakfast. The morning was becoming clearer every moment. The troops began to move as if about to leave the ground. The guillotine was lowered and taken off; the crowds gradually thinned; some few groups still lingered about the spot; but the cold was bitter and the snow began to fall, and in a few hours the place was deserted. —*Correspondent of the London Times.*

ENGLISH SEPOYISM.—The *Univers* (Paris) has the following article on the atrocities perpetrated on the English soldiery: "In London the English, through the medium of the press, issue their lessons of humanity to all the nations of Europe, in India they give lessons of fiendish cruelty, altogether at variance with their theory, shooting down *en masse* one hundred and fifty rebels, the cavalry slaying with the saber the wretched survivors! These are amongst the latest accounts from Calcutta; and we must go back to the massacres of Brotteaux and Lyons, during the reign of terror, to find similar examples of such barbarous executions. But we need not travel to India to find the blood stains under the mantle of political philanthropy with which England enshrouds herself. This nation, who finds it atrocious to whip the negroes of the Antilles, or to strike the galley slaves at Naples, deems it lawful and right to flog her soldiers in barracks; and for this degrading punishment she does not make use of an honest leather whip, which would inflict strokes sufficiently painful—oh, no—philanthropic England has transformed this severe punishment into a torture, by inventing a frightful instrument called a 'cat o' nine tails.' Each one of the tails of this diabolical instrument is armed with nine pieces of sharp edged iron, so that a single stroke inflicts eighty-one wounds on the unfortunate victim. The law of England, which shields and protects the refugee political assassin, permits a maximum of fifty strokes of this terrible whip to be given to a faithful soldier, who has, perhaps, shed his blood in more than one battle for his ungrateful country. An execution of this description took place on the 4th of February, in the town of Newcastle. The London *Star* describes the event. Had we ventured to express the same opinions as the *Star*, we would have been accused of exaggeration and Anglophobia. Let us leave the English to wash their blood stained garments among themselves, and let us pity the nation which only practices its boasted philanthropy as an instrument of external policy."

"THEY'RE ALL OUT."—At the time when the unfortunate Ministry, known as "All the Talents," was ousted in 1807, there stood upon the Earthen Mound in Edinburgh many caravans of wild beasts belonging to the famous Mr. Wombwell, around which there clustered a large crowd of idle folks listening to the dulcet strains of his most harmonious brass band. The news of the Tory victory was first made known in the Parliament House, and, as can well be believed, the excitement that ensued was intense. Under its influence that eager and eccentric judge, Lord Hermand, making for his home, espied a friend among the Wombwell crowd, and shouted aloud in his glee across the street, "They're out! they're out! they're all out!" In half a second there was the wildest distribution of the mob—down to Prince's street, up the Castle hill, into the gardens, and up the vennals. The people picturing the horrors of a tiger-chase did not stop to hear more, and Hermand found himself, to his amazement, monarch of all he surveyed and sole auditor of the last terrified shriek of the band.—*Inverness Courier.*

EMPRESS EUGENIE WHEN A GIRL.—There was there, with her mother, a remarkably interesting looking girl, a Madrid beauty, Mdlle. de M——o; she is fair, with golden hair and dark eyes, and, though not to my taste, beautiful, has an air of distinction, coupled with a degree of melancholy in her expression, that irresistibly attracts your attention. There is something about her manner, too, that is peculiar and very difficult to describe; a sort of little quiet, half-indifferent, half-pensive air, as if she knew she were charming, but cared little about the matter—still less about making those about her think so. This struck me particularly, because it was so strongly opposed to the manners of the Englishwomen round her. She has a charming bust and hands.—*Letters of a Betrothed.*

AN IRISH TRADITION.—There is a tradition, that at the end of every seven years the Earl of Kildare may be seen riding across the Curragh on a white charger shod with silver, and holding a cup in his hand; and that when he shall appear without the cup, his race will become extinct. But according to another legend, when his horse's shoes are worn off, he will return to destroy the enemies of Ireland—

"Who killed Kildare?
Who dared Kildare to kill?
Death killed Kildare,
Who dare kill whom he will."

CHARITY.—How little is known of what is in the bosom of those around us. We would explain many a coldness could we look into the heart concealed from us; we should often pity where we hate, love when we think we can never forgive, admire when we curl the lip with scorn and indignation. To judge without reserve of any human action is a culpable temerity, of all our sins the most unfeeling and frequent.

THE LATE JAMES MCGLASHAN.—In recording the death of James McGlashan, which took place at Edinburgh, we cannot refrain from saying a few words of one so identified with the progress of literature in Ireland. For a quarter of a century Mr. McGlashan devoted the energies of a sagacious intellect, and a clear practical mind, to promote and foster the literature and the literary men of this country. It was the dream of his life to give Ireland what England and Scotland possesses—a literary independence—to find a home market for her men of genius, and command a position for her publications. If he was not completely successful in this, he at least made a progress well attested by the fact that there are now four literary periodicals, in addition to those purely scientific or professional, published in our city. Throughout his laborious life Mr. McGlashan maintained an unimpeachable character for integrity and fair dealing. He acquired the respect of all, and the friendship of many whose friendship was an honor.—*Dublin Evening Packet.*

CURE FOR LOVE.—A new and amusing cure for love has been lately found effective in a fashionable Parisian faubourg. The son of a wealthy nobleman became enamored of the pretty daughter of his father's concierge (door porter) and determined to marry her. The aristocratic papa, of course, opposed; but moved at last by the despair of his son, gave his consent, with the proviso that the smitten youth should go to sea for twelve months before the marriage. Shortly after his departure, the father, who had previously observed a tendency to *embonpoint* in the youth's intended, took her under his especial charge, gave her every kind of the most nourishing food and good wines, forbade her to take exercise as unbecoming in his future daughter, and, in fact, stall-fed her to such an extent, that when the enamored swain returned from his year's voyage, he was horrified to find instead of the slender, elegant girl he left, an immensely fat woman, as big as two Albonis rolled into one. Of course the ruse was successful, and the unfortunate victim of good cheer has been pensioned off.

EXTRAORDINARY LEAP OF A WATER SPANIEL.—Recently, while two gentlemen were passing over the railway viaduct which spans the River Boyne, followed by a water spaniel eighteen months old, the owner commenced to expatiate on its intrepidity. The other inquired jocosely whether he thought the dog would follow his walking-stick if thrown from the lattice work where they stood. The owner replied by a grave shake of the head, when immediately the stick was thrown out, and in a moment the spaniel dashed after it through the bars, and disappeared. The dog fell into the water 102 feet beneath. The astonished owner looked almost bewildered, thinking, as a matter of course, that he would hear no more of his faithful animal; but, strange to say, the dog was shortly afterwards observed upon the beach carrying the walking-stick in his mouth, and awaiting the arrival of his master.

CHINA AT WAR WITH RUSSIA.—Not the least interesting intelligence from China is a proclamation of the Emperor, which in effect amounts to an announcement of the fact that China is at war with Russia, in relation to the Amoor river country. The information is conveyed in a memorial from Liuhing, Colonel in command at Kiring, to the Emperor, in which he states that he had formerly received a despatch from the Commander-in-Chief, ordering him, in accordance with an edict of the Emperor, to make ten thousand catties of gunpowder for the protection of the Amoor territories against the encroachments of the Russian barbarians, and that, in pursuance of that order, powder mills had been erected, and that the necessary quantities would soon be manufactured.

HOW TO BE AN EARLY RISER.—Jump out of bed the moment you hear the knock at the door. The man who hesitates when called is lost. The mind should be made up in a minute, for early rising is one of those subjects that admit of *no turning over.*

M. Bernard has been finally committed to take his trial as an accessory before the fact to the attempted murder of the French Emperor, and also for conspiracy to commit that crime. The case is an exceedingly grave and important one, and there can be no doubt it will receive due attention both from the law officers of the crown and the tribunal before which it shall have to be decided. Should the prosecution be sustainable in point of law, no matter what decision may be come to as to the facts, there will then be no pressing need for proposing any such change in the criminal law as that contained in Lord Palmerston's Conspiracy to Murder Bill. On the other hand, should the judges hold that an alien cannot be made amenable in such a case under the law of England, it will become absolutely necessary to amend that law. Of course, with regard to the facts of the case, it would be unfair and improper to express any opinion here, but there can be but one opinion as to the necessity of holding foreigners, as well as British subjects, accountable should they be proved guilty of conspiracy to murder, or any other crime.—*Dublin Tablet.*

The King of Portugal will be married by personation at Berlin, on the 15th of April, to the Princess Stephanie of Hohenzollen. She will then proceed to London, when she will pass three days at Windsor or Buckingham Palace, with Queen Victoria, and will then embark at Southampton on board a Portuguese frigate, which will be escorted by a squadron under the orders of the King's brother, Don Luis, who will escort the bride to her royal spouse at Lisbon.

From the *Graham's Town Journal* we learn that the political discontent prevailing in the eastern part of the Cape colony has reached such a pitch that its inhabitants are resolved to demand their legislative and administrative independence. The immense cost and inconvenience of travelling a distance of six or seven hundred miles to Cape Town to attend the colonial parliament have induced the gentlemen most eligible as representatives of the eastern province to decline going so far from their own farms and homesteads to take part in proceedings which, as they allege, are conducted with a systematic disregard of their constituents' interests. At Graham's Town, Albany, and Graaf Reynet, a strong opinion seems to prevail in favor of refusing to elect any more members of a Cape Town parliament.

The famous affair of "the queen's diamond necklace," which made so much noise just before the outbreak of the great revolution of 1789, is about to come on again before the courts of Paris, the heirs and representatives of Bohmer and Bossange, the jewellers who supplied the necklace, having brought an action against the heirs and representatives of Cardinal de Rohan, the Princess de Rohan, now residing in Bohemia, to obtain payment for it out of the Cardinal's estate, it having been confided by them to him. In this action some of the heirs of other creditors of the Cardinal have intervened, in order to obtain payment of what is due to them.

A notice was recently forwarded from the English War Office to the different police stations, containing the names and description of no less than 380 men who have deserted from the Guards and regiments of the line, 80 from the embodied militia, and 10 from the Royal Marines, within less than a week. In order to prevent desertion, and to hold a greater inducement for the recovery of deserters from the service, the government have offered to increase the reward for the apprehension of deserters, and the War office will now pay a sum of 20s for each deserter apprehended to the individual who shall effect his capture.

The much-looked for solar eclipse of Monday, 15th of March, was in London practically invisible. Just before the hour of its commencement clouds rapidly appeared in the hitherto clear sky, and before the phenomenon had at all advanced the sun was completely obscured, in which state it remained all day. A sensible amount of darkness, approaching to twilight, was all that indicated anything unusual in the neighborhood of the metropolis. A large number of sightseers had gathered on Primrose-hill, Hampstead-heath, and all the eligible situations. Equal disappointment attended an imposing gathering of scientific men at Bilsworth.

The novelty of a Gothic Church, all constructed of white wood, steeped in some antiseptic preparation to render the timber incorruptible, can now be seen near the Boulevard Mont Parnasse, at the Caen and Nantes station. The effect is picturesque, and brings the mind forcibly back to the origin of the pointed arch which is the reproduction of forest architecture in the intersection of branches. Its best recommendation is its wonderful economy.

A female sculptor, named Felice de Fauveau, is exciting at present great attention at Florence. Her works are pronounced to be of the very first class, and particular mention is made of a monument from her chisel, to the memory of a girl 17 years of age, which has been erected in the chapel of the Medici, in the church of Santa Croce.

Orsini's private will has been opened, his political testament having long since winged its flight over Alp and Appenine. It contains legacies to his sister and gifts to some relatives and friends in memory of the departed; it also directs that a coffin is to enclose his remains (none is furnished by government to capital culprits.)

Lyons gave birth to two distinguished marshals of the French empire. Jean de Dieu Soult was a silk weaver in that town at the outbreak of the Revolution; Suckel Duc d'Albufera was also a Lyonese, and a statue in bronze to him has just been uncovered in one of the town promenades.

Before Orsini's execution portraits of him sold in London at half-a-crown; but the guillotine having elevated him to a kind of martyr, portraits of him in oil are to be seen in metropolitan windows, and are said to be selling rapidly at one pound each.

Signor Albani, a veteran Italian sculptor, has just died at Rome, at the advanced age of 80. During his long artistical career he had acquired no inconsiderable fortune, which he has left to be distributed in exhibitions and prizes among young Italian sculptors.

The sale of the gallery of the late Count Thibaudeau, of Paris, has just taken place in that city. A portrait of Camargo, an opera dancer, by Grewze, sold for £101.

The Paris *Patrie* truly says—"England has lost her two nursery-grounds for soldiers, in consequence of the depopulation of the Highlands and the emigration from Ireland."

Victor Hugo is about to publish a new volume of poems, under the title of "*Les Petites Epopees.*"

"Prayers for the Dead, for the use of members of the Church of England," have recently been published.

There has been a heavy fall of snow in the north of Scotland. The depth on the ordinary roads was from ten to twelve feet.

The stagnation of trade in France has caused a sad diminution in the income of the railway companies.

HOME MISCELLANY.

Influence of Fortune-Telling.—Some young persons once applied to an old woman, who, among the vulgar and ignorant, had gained much celebrity in fortune-telling; to each, of course, she had something to say—but to one she did "a tale unfold," so much to the purpose, that it caused her very soon to leave this world of trouble. She said she would never be married, but that she would be the mother of three children; that she would live in great splendor for a period, but, after all, she was "sorry to say," she would die poor and miserable. Miss B., while with her companions, showed very little signs of anxiety; but the moment she was left to her own reflections, one may guess the effect of such an harangue on a virtuous but weak mind. Mark the consequences! She was at the time on the point of marriage with a respectable young gentleman; but such was the hold which the prediction of the fortune-teller had taken on her imagination, that she could never, from that time, receive him with her usual affectionate attention. Her lover, quickly perceiving the change, endeavored to learn the cause of it; but, finding his inquiries ineffectual, as also any efforts of his to rouse her to an explanation of her behavior, which became more and more distant, and, doubting the sincerity of her affection, he, in the course of a little time, discontinued his visits altogether. The young lady, perceiving herself deserted, and dreading, that as she had fulfilled the prophecy so far, the rest might also be her future lot, continued to drag on a now weary existence, and at length resolved to put an effectual stop to this progressive dishonor to her name, by committing a crime that could never be repented of. One morning, at the usual hour, her family finding that she did not appear, sent to inquire the cause, when she was found lying dead on her bed, having the night before taken two ounces of laudanum to effect her purpose. On the toilet was found a note, detailing the particulars and reasons for committing *so shocking an act*, of which the preceding is the outline. Thus perished an innocent girl, in the flower of her youth, through the baneful influence of fortune-telling—but giving at the same time the flattest contradictions to the prophecy against her.

"Business Men's Prayer Meetings."—Would to God that the "business men's prayer meetings" which have caused so much excitement in New York and other places, but which do not seem, so far, to be so successful in Cincinnati, now that the spring trade is opening, were really "religious movements." If men were really impressed with the necessity of coming to an understanding with God about their own salvation, they would set their wits to work to find out what is to be done, instead of going to noisy prayer meetings, where reporters attend, and no study, and consequently no progress, can be made. If salvation is the great business of life, why do not those who are awakened to a sense of the fact treat it as a business? In ordinary business the first thing a man does is to make himself thoroughly acquainted in all its details with what is to be done; the second, to examine and use the means he has for doing it. • Catholic faith alone informs us in detail of what is to be done, and the Church alone furnishes the means for doing it. Instead of aimlessly beating the air, by holding these meetings and making "eloquent prayers" for what they know not, let the "business men" go to the nearest priest, get a catechism, study the articles of the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments; and the Seven Sacraments, and learn precisely how to save their souls, and thenceforward devote themselves to the practise of what they learn. We hope that the laborers on the Marietta Railroad will all be paid their hard-earned wages. Let some of the ablest revivalists go among the directors and stockholders, and see what they can do in this connexion. —*Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph.*

A Fox Hunt in Fauquier.—We copy the following from the Warrenton *Whig:* "A great fox chase recently took place in this county, which was pronounced by all to have been the most interesting and exciting that has ever happened in the Piedmont country. The fox was started by Messrs. John Ambler, George W. Norris, and Ben Fagan, on Benny's farm, near Markham. The chase continued for nearly thirty hours, when Raynard was at last taken, in the lower end of this county, at Elk run. During the chase from fifty to sixty riders joined in, and a most glorious time had all. For two hours before his capture, the fox was only a few hundred yards before the hounds, and was seen the entire time by some of the party. He is described as being very large and of the red species. This hunt, from report, must have been by all means the grandest and most exciting that ever happened in Virginia."

A Chase after a Shark.—The Norfolk *Argus* contains the following: "A gentleman and servant, a stalwart negro, went fishing for rock on the Bay shore. The big darkey, after wading out, tied the line around his body. Soon an old shark came along and swallowed the bait, and Sambo held the line. The powerful fish, however, drew him gradually out in deep water by a rapid movement, tightened the line, and dashed furiously out from the shore, followed by the darkey, who alternately disappeared beneath the waves and rose to the surface, grabbing at his knife as he rushed on with almost lightning speed in the wake of the shark. He was seen at the distance of nearly a mile, entirely beyond the reach of assistance, and a victim of his own hazardous daring and imprudent temerity."

New Appointments.—The following appointments were made by the Senate on Thursday last: J. T. Martin, Marshal, Western District Virginia; J. F. Wiley, Marshal, Eastern District Virginia; L. Summers, Marshal, Iowa; T. R. Dohoney, Marshal, Kentucky; C. P. Clever, Marshal, New Mexico Territory; T. S. Bryant, Marshal, Eastern District Missouri; W. Selden, Marshal, District Columbia; W. F. Linn, Navy Agent, Washington City; J. C. Spencer, U. S. Attorney, Northern District New York; J. M. Gregory, U. S. Attorney, Eastern District Virginia; R. M. Tompkins, U. S. Attorney, New Mexico Territory; D. W. Vorhees, U. S. Attorney, Indiana; T. B. Childress, U. S. Attorney, Middle District Tennessee; P. Barton Kay, U. S. Attorney, District Columbia; G. S. Connor, U. S. Attorney, New Jersey; W. D. Roy, Collector, Vicksburg, Mississippi; J. K. Shay, Surveyor of Customs, Port Alexandria, Virginia; G. Johnston, Surveyor of Customs, Fredericksburg, Virginia; J. Bohannon, Surveyor of Customs, East river, Virginia; R. H. Webb, Surveyor of Customs, Suffolk, Virginia; P. S. Probasco, Surveyor of Customs, N. Brunswick, N. J.; W. Havens, Surveyor of Customs, Greenport, N. Y.; S. S. Norton, Surveyor of Customs, Port Jefferson, N. Y.; G. W. Merchant, Surveyor of Customs, Dumfries, Va.; H. T. Romertze, N. Y. Consul, Galatza, Moldavia; J. R. Kooken, Pa., Consul, Trinidad de Cuba; C. C. Newkerck, N. Y., Consul, La Union, San Salvador; J. S. McMicken, Texas, Consul, Acapulco, Mexico; W. L. G. Smith, N. Y., Consul, Shanghae; J. T. Lansing, N. Y., Consul, Arica, Peru; J. W. Gorham, Mass., Consul, Jerusalem; W. H. Morse, Mass., Consul, St. Jago, Cape de Verdes; C. Croswell, Wisconsin, Consul, St. Petersburg; S. Ward, N. Y., Consul, Bristol, England; A. G. Catlin, Mass., Consul, Prince Edward's Island; J. Hogan, Postmaster, St. Louis, Missouri; J. Hanna, Postmaster, Camden, New Jersey; W. Jones, Postmaster, Washington City.

Snuff-Dipping Among the Women of the South.—A correspondent of the Petersburgh (Va.) *Express* says: "There are, perhaps, in our State, one hundred and twenty-five thousand women, leaving out of the account those who have not cut their teeth, and those who have lost them from age. Of this number, eighty per cent. may be safely set down as snuff-dippers. Every five of these will use a two ounce paper of snuff per day—that is, to the hundred thousand dippers, two thousand five hundred pounds a day, amounting to the enormous quantity of nine hundred and twelve thousand pounds. In this number of snuff-dippers are included all ages, colors, and conditions." This practice is generally prevalent in the pine districts of North Carolina, and in many portions of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, and eastern Tennessee. It may be thus described: "A female snuff-dipper takes a short stick, and wetting it, dips it into her snuff box, and then rubs the gathered dust all about her mouth, into the intertices of her teeth, &c., where she allows it to remain until its strength has been fully absorbed. Others hold the stick thus loaded with snuff in the cheek *a la* quid of tobacco, and suck it with a decided relish while engaged in their ordinary avocations, while others simply fill the mouth with the snuff, and thus imitates to all intents and purposes the chewing propensities of the men. In the absence of snuff, tobacco in the plug or leaf is invariably resorted to as a substitute." Oriental betel-chewing, and the Japanese fashion of blacking the teeth of married ladies, are the height of elegance compared to snuff dipping. The habit leads to a speedy decay of the teeth, and to nervous disorders of every kind. Those who indulge in it become hags in appearance at a very early age.

The Right Talk.—A straight-out writer gives the following advice to those young men who "depend on father" for support, and take no interest whatsoever in business, but are regular drones in the hive, subsisting on that which is earned by others: "Come, off with your coats, clinch the saw, the plough-handles, the pickaxe, spade—anything that will enable you to stir your blood! Fly around and tear your jacket, rather than be passive recipients of the old man's bounty! Sooner than play the dandy at his expense, hire yourself out. Get up in the morning—turn round at least twice before breakfast—learn how to take the lead, and not depend forever on being led; and you have no idea how the discipline will benefit you. Do this, and our word for it you will seem to breathe a new atmosphere, possess a new frame, tread a new earth, wake to a new destiny—and you may then begin to aspire to manhood. Take off, then, that ring from your little finger, break your cane, shave your upper lip, hold up your head, and by all means never again eat the bread of idleness, nor depend on father."

A Clergyman Buried Alive.—A letter dated Holland, Erie County, Pennsylvania, says: "A very afflictive dispensation of Providence has taken place within twenty miles of this place. A Presbyterian minister named Reed was going to attend a meeting of the Presbytery. He stopped over night with another minister at a private house. Mr. Reed was taken with a fit in the night, and it was supposed he had died. The other minister being in a hurry to get to the meeting in season had him buried the next day. On his return from meeting he left word at Oxford that their minister was dead and buried. His friends went immediately to get his remains and bring them to Oxford, when, to their great sorrow, they discovered that he had been buried alive. The cover of the coffin was split, and his shroud was completely torn off and he turned nearly on his face.

Camp Life in Colonel Johnston's Utah Army.—An officer in the army for Utah writes as follows respecting life in camp: "Some officers have burrowed under ground—some are in log huts and others in tents. I have a tent, conical shape, which admits of building a fire in the centre, after the manner of an Indian lodge. I have a stove, bedstead, table, and clothes rack, for furniture. My bedstead is made of two rough horses, with two boards transversely placed, surmounted by a huge pile of old worn out comforters, blankets, and buffalo robes, which I call my bed. My carpet is the undressed hides of slaughtered beeves. Stove is conical, like my tent, and the smoke leaves at the vortex. Washstand, three sticks stuck in the ground so as to catch a tin pail, which I call a basin, in the interval. Clothes rack is made of two notched sticks in the ground, with another laid across them. My saddles, bridles, &c., hang upon one of similar construction, but of smaller dimensions. Trunks, boxes, &c., make the whole look comfortable and cozy. Then my chairs are the cushioned seats of the ambulance in my train. Now, imagine a half dozen sitting in a circle around the little stove, and you have the interior of my house, provided you notice every one with a pipe in his mouth, and a dense volume of smoke making its way to the aperture at the top."

The Biter Bitten.—A few years ago, a farmer who was noted for his waggery, stopped at a tavern which he was in the habit of stopping at on his way from Boston to Salem. The landlady had got the pot boiling for dinner, and the cat was washing her face in the corner. The traveller, thinking it would be a good joke, took off the pot-lid, and while the landlady was absent put the grimalkin into the pot with the potatoes, and then pursued his journey to Salem. The amazement of the landlady may well be conceived, when, on taking up her dinner, she discovered the unpalatable addition which was made to it. Knowing well the disposition of her customer, she had no difficulty in fixing on the aggressor, and she determined to be revenged. Aware that he would stop on his return for a cold bite, the cat was carefully dressed. The wag called, as was expected, and pussy was put on the table, among other cold dishes, but was so disguised that he did not know his old acquaintance. He made a hearty meal, and washed it down with a glass of gin. After paying his bill, he asked the landlady if she had a cat she could give him, for he was plagued almost to death with mice. She said she "could not, for she had lost hers." "What," said he, "don't you know where she is?" "Oh, yes, replied the landlady, "you have just eaten it!"

A First Rate Notice.—The Cleveland *Plaindealer* thus notices the Hon. Horace Greeley, editor of the New York *Tribune*, who has been in the West delivering lectures. It says: "Horace Greeley will lecture on the Poets at the Melodeon this evening. He edits the *Tribune*, a daily paper in New York city. He is a pretty sharp writer, but is principally distinguished for wearing a dilapidated wool coat and a decayed wool hat. With the exception of an occasional game of euchre or string of ten-pins with Henry Ward Beecher, Mr. Greeley takes no amusement whatever. He eats mush, bran-bread, and oatmeal slap-jacks, but avoids meat except in campaign times; then he eats voraciously of roosters' gizzards, cows' tails, calves' plucks and sheeps' liver. A great many persons think he is a great man, and he rather inclines to that opinion himself. He has written a few articles about the slave oligarchy. We believe he has also written a few short articles on Kansas. He wears cow-hide brogans and is eccentric. Success to him. Long may he wave."

Advantages of Women over Men.—Some one sums up as follows: "A woman may say what she likes to you without running the risk of getting knocked down for it. She can take a snooze after dinner, while her husband has to go to work. She can go forth into the streets, without being invited to treat at every coffee-house. She can paint her face if it is too pale, and flour it if too red. She can stay at home in time of war, and wed again if her husband is killed. She can wear corsets, if too thick—other fixings, if too thin. She can eat, drink, and be merry, without its costing a cent. She can get divorced from her husband whenever she sees one she likes better. And she can get in debt all over, until he warns the public by advertisement not to trust her on his account any longer."

A Venture for Freedom.—A German, living on the bottom lands opposite Leavenworth City, was arrested lately on a charge of having robbed a store at La Crosse, Wisconsin, and on searching his premises $4,000 worth of the booty was found in his trunk. He was taken by the United States Marshal of Wisconsin, and shackled, and conveyed on a steamer down the Missouri river. On the way, as the steamer was running at full speed, he escaped by jumping overboard with two life preservers, while the Marshal had gone to get him a drink. Whether he survived or was drowned depends altogether on the weight of his irons and the buoyancy of his life preservers. No signs of him could be perceived in the river as it was at night.

A box containing $50 in silver and gold and a bundle of bank notes was found in the woods between Worcester and Millbury, Mass., lately. Upon the box was a flat stone, and the whole was so covered with leaves that its discovery was entirely accidental. How the money came there, or to whom it belongs, is a matter of conjecture.

Bankruptcy Made Easy.—The first thing to do, young man, says an exchange, when you start in life, is to settle everything you possess upon your wife. Having done this legally and securely, take a warehouse in a good situation and begin to buy. That you may be under no alarm about your power to do this, we will explain, in a few words, the theory of the trade. The greater part of goods manufactured are made by persons with little capital, and they are compelled to hurry sales to get bills for discount to pay the bills drawn by the manufacturers. And so trade moves, one class continually pushing on another. The necessity to sell is behind every man's back; you, therefore, need be under no concern about your ability to buy. Before you have opened your doors a week, you will scarcely be able to keep the commercial agents out. Let it be hinted abroad—although it is not absolutely necessary for your success in failure, that your father-in-law is a person of property. It means nothing, but it will be useful in a variety of ways.—*Utica Telegraph.*

An Accomplished Villian.—The Richmond *Whig* says that the fraudulent transactions of Gish, the forger, are known to amount to over $300,000. Such was the insinuating character of the man, and his success in gaining the confidence of the people, that men who for six months were aware of his transactions, their own names having been forged, refrained from exposing him on account of personal feelings and delicacy! They even suffered themselves to be sued and judgments obtained on forged paper. The shrewdest did not escape his wiles, and quite a number of persons have been ruined by their confidence in him.

The Burning Mountain of Plumas County.—The *Mountain Messenger* says that the "burning mountain" in the vicinity of Jamison, Plumas County, is yet on fire; and that a quarter of an acre of the surface has caved in, in addition to that which has been already mentioned in our columns. The fire appears to be burning deeper, and following the stratum of the coal deposit in the hill.

Curious Will.—The will of Gov. Blachet of Plymouth, Mass., proved in 1783, contains the following singular clause: "I desire my body to be kept so long as it may not be offensive, and that one of my toes and fingers may be cut off, to secure a certainty of being dead. I further request my dear wife, that as she has been troubled with one old fool, she will not think of marrying a second."

A Chinaman visited the fish market at Sacramento lately, and paid $2 50 for the privilege of throwing overboard fifty-five fish. In explanation of this singular notion, he stated that on that day, a year or two since, he was wrecked with some eighty of his countrymen and thirty white men; that he was the only Chinaman that survived, and that he then made a vow that he would release fifty-five fish on each succeeding anniversary of the day.

Considerable excitement was created in Columbia County, Arkansas, recently, by the sudden appearance of a genius named Ben Jones, from Harrison County, Missouri, in a balloon, to which thirty wild geese were harnessed. He said he had been travelling in mid-heaven for nearly 38 hours, when he thought it was about time to come down to "fodder." The story reads like a hoax, but is testified to as truth, by respectable witnesses.

Three recent attempts have been made by highway assassins to shoot passengers in the cars while the trains were passing some secluded spot on the road from Savannah to Macon, Georgia. As yet none have been arrested, and it is hard to account for such wanton attempts at murder.

Among the convicts at present in the State Prison at Trenton, New Jersey, is a man named Stonelake, sentenced for passing counterfeit money, who was formerly an assistant to Rev. Mr. Pease, of the Five Points Mission.

The Baltimore (Md.) *Clipper* says that the small State of Maryland contains a greater free negro population than the mighty Empire State of New York by over 20,000, and exceeds Pennsylvania by over 29,000.

A considerable number of women of Fredericksburgh, Ohio, have been indicted for a riot for abating the groggeries, and held in bonds of one hundred dollars.

The backwoodsmen will tell where to ford the stream by the sound of the running water. Deep water is always noiseless, while the shallow brook keeps up an incessant babbling.

The ground for the great Central Park of this city cost $1,407,327, and before it can be completed for the use of the public, at least three times that sum may be expected to be expended.

The Emmet Guards of St. Louis have unanimously voted a tender of their services to Uncle Sam against the Mormons and polygamists in Utah.

It is said that there are 4,000 just-asses of the peace in Massachusetts. What lots of thistle-pickings it must take to feed them all!

Some of the nerves of the human body are so small that six of them ranged in a row are equal only to the thickness of a fine hair.

One hundred of the students of Columbia College, S. C., have been suspended for insubordination.

A favorite mode of introduction in Brazil is said to be, "This is my friend, if he steals anything from you, I am responsible for it."

Fresh hewn wood contains 42, dry wood only 25 per cent. of water.

The Court House and all the records of Lee County, Ga., were recently destroyed by fire.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The matter noticed in the *St. Croix* (N. B.) *Herald* has already received its share of our space, as may be seen by reference to a late TABLET.

Correspondents are requested to send in their communications by Saturday of each week, in order to insure their insertion the week following.

NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, '58.

THE "EVENING POST" ON ECCLESIASTICAL CORPORATIONS.

In the correspondence of Camille Desmoulins there is an anecdote worth telling for its own sake, as well as for the purpose of our present article. When the Palais Royal was crowded with a mob, one quiet morning in July, an orator ended his harangue by demanding that the excited rabble should burn the house of D'Espremenil, his wife, his children, and himself, which was voted unanimously. Up rose a man saying, "Messieurs, the upholsterer of M. D'Espremenil demands to be heard!" Cries of *La parole au tapissier!* "I demand," said the speaker, "an exception in favor of M. D'Espremenil's furniture. All of it belongs to me, seeing that I have not been paid for it. Is my demand just?" "Perfectly just," they exclaim, "perfectly just." "Since you grant my request, dare I represent to you that the architect has not been paid for the house, so that the house ought to be spared?" "The house is spared." The orator continues, "As to Mr. D'Espremenil's wife, wherefore should you harm that which belongs to you? And, Messieurs, have you no fears of imitating the crime of Œdipus and becoming unconscious parricides if you burn the children of D'Espremenil?" "Yes, yes!" shouted the mob, "pardon for wife and children." The pleasant part of the anecdote, adds Camille, is, that it is said Espremenil himself was the orator.

Droll as the humor of this anecdote is, we venture to say that the arguments of the *Evening Post* against ecclesiastical corporations, and particularly that sought to be formed by the Methodist Episcopal Church, are far droller. "It is foolish," says the *Post*, with that seriousness which renders his humor the more piquant, "it is foolish as well as wicked, to devote the charity of this generation to the spiritual instruction of the next; it is foolish, for it assumes that our spiritual necessities are all provided for, and it is wicked, for it is based upon a want of proper confidence in the ordinations of Providence, and an undue reliance upon the arm of flesh. Probably none derive so much benefit from what they contribute to religious uses as the givers, and to supply posterity with churches largely endowed, is to take from the well-disposed of them, all motive for discharging one of the holiest and most improving duties that can devolve upon them."

Our readers will recall the indignant inquiry of Sir Boyle Roche when somebody spoke for the benefit of posterity, "What has posterity done for us?"—an inquiry which has remained unanswered to the present time; but if they fail to consider that the great bull-maker merely had in view a legal enactment designed to benefit future generations, and that the *Post*, as a Protestant, is arguing in effect against the means of disseminating the Gospel at home and in foreign parts, they will miss one-half of the pleasure to be derived from the coincidence.

Seriously, the *Post's* argument strikes at everything in the shape of a religious endowment. If we build churches at all, according to it we should devise some means of destroying them before the advent of the rising generation. Nay, we should destroy them now, for, to perpetrate a bull, posterity is already with us in the persons of our own children, and to leave churches ready built for their use is to take away what the *Post* calls "the motive for discharging one of the holiest and most improving duties that can devolve on them." The great difficulty in the way of the *Post* theory arises, if we may make so bold as to express it, from the unfortunate fact that it is with man as with the woods which surround him in a new country—his shoots grow while he is yet living, and even from the heights of his old age he cannot avoid, if he would, throwing the shadow of his protection on, and nurturing, with his own ripe virtues, the other selfs at his roots. If one generation were born out of the clay of another, every member of which died simultaneously, we can conceive a method by which our influences and actions might be stopped on their way down the avenues of Time; but God's providence seems to have forerun the *Post's* theory and He has willed that, even as our bad example must effect those who are destined to follow us, so also must our good deeds redound to their benefit.

The *Post* and its humor apart, there is no just reason why the Methodist Episcopalians should be debarred from holding property the income of which is to be devoted to religious uses. It speaks ill for the public opinion of America that so much opposition should be shown to them when little objection is taken to the chartering of bodies whose sole object is the acquisition of worldly wealth for the benefit of heirs. Properly used, or expended even as we might think improperly, what right have we to prevent this accumulation of money and property which, unlike money and property in the hands of lay companies, grows, not in antagonism to, but with, the wishes of the community; which does not increase the price in articles of sale, *pari passu* with the necessities of purchasers; which, in no sense, precludes the competition of other enterprises—and which, in exact proportion to its amount, comes from the rich and goes, to a certain extent, to the poor? We have no such right, and if we had, it would be hurtful to exercise it. The law of entail which the *Post* justly condemns, even in its modified form in America, has no greater foe than religious bodies. They take away a vast amount of wealth, real and personal, that would otherwise become, by regular progression, family monopoly. They lessen the inequality of the beam reaching from the poor to the wealthy, by taking whatever they get from the latter, granting that they keep it from the former. In any way we look at them, as a mere economist, they are useful everywhere, and no where more so than in a Republican country where the aim of the law is distinctly against the increase of large family proprietaries.

On principle, as from expediency, they cannot be assailed. If we allow Corporations of any kind, we have no right to go behind the names of the corporators, and to ask them what they propose to do with their means, real or personal. We might as well insist that Messrs. Jones, Brown & Co., shall deal solely in hides, and zealously avoid trading in, or purchasing with, the proceeds of their trade, cotton and other commodities. We might as well decline to give Jones, Brown & Co., a charter, because they refuse to stipulate that no moneys arising from its use should be expended on the issuing of tracts, or the purchase of pews in Churches already under Trustees. In fact, the example is altogether in favor of Church Corporations, for they are presumed to be guided by conscience, and to have a pious horror of usurious profits.

We write under the full conviction that the Methodists were amongst the most persistent enemies of every effort made in our State Legislature to make the tenure of Catholic Church property consistent with the Canons; but also with the impression that a plea in their favor from a Catholic may have a due effect in making them concede to others privileges which they aspire to possess themselves. Our present purpose is best suited by the manner in which we have urged their claims. On another occasion we shall, perhaps, break new ground, and get into the vestibule which we now gaze at from a distance.

THE CASE OF MARY ANN DUNN.

The NEW YORK TABLET is desirous to learn further particulars relating to the unfortunate girl who was brought to this place by the Agent of the Emigrant Aid Society, and subsequently alleged that she had suffered ill treatment through his neglect. The facts are that the girl is a monomaniac. She exhibited signs of insanity on the way, but they were conducted with entire sanity on most subjects, and attracted but little attention and created no alarm, and it was not until her greater insanity here, that her aberrations by the way were attributed to insanity. She is now in the Lunatic Asylum and doing well, with strong hopes of an early recovery. Here, where all the facts are known, no one attaches any blame to Mr. Freidgen, the Agent, or believes that the girl suffered any violence at his hands or through his neglect. It is not believed that she was ill treated by any one. We hope the TABLET will do the Society and the Agent the justice to state that no blame attaches to either. If it needs any further light on the subject, let the editor write to the Mayor of this city, who is conversant with all the facts and from whom we obtained the above information.—*American*, Indianopolis, Ind.

This suffices for our purpose and we willingly publish it. In common with the Indianopolis *Sentinel* we feared the worst had befallen the unfortunate girl;—but the pleasing assurance of the editor of the *American* and the Mayor completely disabuses us.

If other testimony in favor of Mr. Freidgen's good faith throughout were needed it is to be found in his desire to assist us in satisfying our doubts, and in the silence of the girl's co-religionists in her neighborhood.

SEPOY ATROCITIES, MYTHS.—The debate on India in the British Parliament on the 19th ult. disclosed two remarkable facts: that the atrocities related in all the papers as having been committed by the Sepoys in India were mere fabrications; that no cases of rape or mutilation have occurred; and that the English troops, after a war of ten months, have no prisoners of war, all the prisoners being regularly murdered. The two first were admitted by the Chairman of the East India Company, the second by Sir H. Rawlinson, one of the Directors. Both statements are, therefore, official.

So this is the end of the tales of "Sepoy Atrocities!" From their first utterance up to this moment we have doubted them. Almost alone, we have persisted in condemning the precipitancy of those who gave them credit. Almost alone, too, on this side of the Atlantic, we may now take credit for our caution.

PUT HIM OUT.—"Buffer" Chatfield of our State Assembly has been fighting and ferocious, once arrested and twice carried off the floor, during the past week. Why is he not expelled? Let some of our New York Assembly men, or Mr. M'Nett of Erie, make a motion to that effect. It is absolutely needed to save the character of their body and to mitigate the "scenes" which occur so often.

CATHOLIC vs. PROTESTANT IN THE MATTER OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

ACCUSTOMED as we are to the ingenious sophistry and the distorted logic with which blind fanaticism seeks to maintain its hold on the erring mind of man, we were altogether unprepared for the extraordinary jumble of truth and falsehood, bigotry and liberality, flimsy sophistry and bad logic which we find in *Emerson's Magazine* and *Putnam's Monthly* for April, under the caption of PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF THE UNITED STATES.

From his starting-point round the corner the writer of this curious article launches out into a very truthful and even graphic exposition of the enduring nature and the illimitable extent of what it calls "the most stupendous organization in the world," viz.: the Catholic Church. He cannot but admire the elements of self-perpetuation ever actively at work within her bosom, and very justly attributes a great portion of her power to the self-abnegation and untiring devotion of her ministers. This he contrasts with the *double* blessedness of the Protestant missionary and the family bonds by which he is impeded in the exercise of his functions. To this he ascribes "the lack of efficiency in the Protestant Church." In this he is, also, so far right, though we should like to hear him define the word "Protestant Church." With much more aptness and correctness he might speak of "that individual, *the world*, or "that estimable gentleman, *mankind*."

Before we follow this writer into his real subject, we are tempted to give a short extract from his account of the "stupendous organization" aforesaid:

"The Roman Catholic Church," says he, "is no content with minor plans—she looks far into the future, and prepares for all possible contingencies. Not only does she look well to her priesthood, but also she plans for the sustainment of a Roman Catholic literature, such as she can recommend to her believers. She finds nothing too minute for her attention, nothing too vast for her consideration. All nations and tongues are hers—the roving Bedouin, the stinted Laplander, the sensitive Brahmin, the Parsac, the Turk, and all the wanderers from all climes and peoples, Pagan or Christian, may find at Rome some priest to whom the home-sick soul may vent itself, and find sympathy. No spot of earth is too obscure for her ministry; no people too cultured for her endeavors."

This is truly a noble picture of the Universal Church, the Church of all ages and of all nations, but mark how the writer winds it up. "It is time," says he, "that the Protestant Church better understood her position and her principles." What a logical deduction from the premises! The Catholic Church *is* Catholic, grand, sublime and *alone*, she bears within her and around her the distinguishing marks of divine origin and of divine institution, *ergo*, "it is time that the *Protestants*—those who are without her pale—shouldb 'ethink them of what they are, as compared with *her*. Oh yes! truly, it *is* time, that those who 'hear' not 'the Church' *should* 'better understand their position.'" Ere yet the trump of the Archangel summons men to their final judgment, it *is* time that they should call to mind the historical fact that Christ came on earth to found a Church, and that he did found it on "the rock which is Peter," that he laid its foundations broad and wide and gave it the dominion of the universe, and commissioned it to "teach all nations," promising that He himself should be with it "all days, even to the consummation of the world." It *is* time that those outside the Church should begin to ask themselves "whence comes the superhuman grandeur, the unfailing strength and vigor, the ever-blooming youth of that Church which we see perpetuated from age to age the wide world over, embracing all nations and tribes within its bosom in the admirable unity of faith? *Is* this the Church divinely authorized to "teach all nations?"—the Church which all men are to "hear" under penalty of being classed with "the heathen and the publican?" If she be, and the greater portion of the Christian world believe her so—then by what right will any number of those who *protest* against her authority interfere between her and her "believers" and compel her to give up her little ones to the training of those who are noto-

riously bent on counteracting her divinely-inspired teachings? Every one of those young Catholics was redeemed by the blood of a Saviour-God, and is, therefore, of infinite value in the eyes of God's Church. She believes and teaches, on the inspiration of that divine Spouse who has promised to "be with her *all* days, teaching her all truth," that she is responsible to Him for every one of those precious souls whom He has confided to her, how then could she consent to expose them to heretical and anti-Catholic teaching? Talk of the Methodist and the Baptist, and the Unitarian and all such, as our Emersonian friend does, comparing their tolerance with the *in*tolerance of the Catholic Church! Where, we would ask, were these and all the other prolific generations of Protestantism, —that is to say *Denial*—when Catholic martyrs were testifying even to death their belief in the infallibility of the Church's teachings? There is no *sect* under heaven that dare usurp the divine prerogative of infallibility, the diadem wherewith Christ invested the brow of His Church. *Universality* she has, and she only—Catholicity of time and place—*Apostolicity* she has and she only—*Unity* she has, and she only. *Infallibility* she has, too, and that she will have while the world lasts, for it is also written "that the gates of hell shall never prevail against her." Heresies and schisms have assailed her from her very cradle; fanaticism aided by power, "the spirit of wickedness in high places" has, in every age, dogged her footsteps and persecuted her children,—Nestorians and Arians were as rabid against the Church and as zealous in their evil way as are any of the modern sects,—*they*, too, had kings and princes and valiant captains to espouse their cause and oppress the faithful of Christ's fold, but those once domineering sects are long since with the past and their powerful protectors are branded with historic infamy —yet the Church which they persecuted sits still on "her seven hills," honored of all men and giving light to the nations, ay! even to those who would close their eyes against it if they could. Let this reflection moderate the zeal of the writer before us, and teach him to respect the conscientious scruples of Catholic parents who would rather die than suffer their children to be torn from the fold of salvation. The same convictions that prevent us, and will ever prevent us, from sending our children to non-religious schools —to any other, in fact, than Catholic schools, —are precisely those which made the martyrs before alluded to lay down their lives rather than yield one iota of their faith to any earthly power; and be it known to the writer in *Emerson's Magazine*, and to all who would, in this all-important matter, coerce Catholics, that we, the inheritors of that divine faith "delivered to the Saints" are too fully sensible of the value of our inheritance to imperil its transmission to our children by placing them under sectarian influence during those early years when the mind is the most susceptible and the most open to impressions. We say this without meaning offence to any one, but we say it in all earnestness and good faith: we Catholics neither can nor will be coerced into sending our children to common and mixed schools. If this free and enlightened republic will so far falsify its professions and forget its own creed as to compel us to pay taxes in support of schools to which we cannot conscientiously send our children, why let it—we will pay the taxes, but we will never cease protesting before the Christian world, against such flagrant wrong—such *un*-Christian oppression of the weak by the strong. We are citizens of this Republic, but, being so, we cannot or will not forget that we are children of the Catholic Church. For the present we will conclude by informing the writer in question and all others of his class, that no amount of sophistry, or yet of calumny, can deter Catholics from doing their duty to their children. In a future article we may perhaps review some of his specious sophisms, historical inaccuracies, and calumnious charges against Catholic nations. For the present let him digest what we have said, and we hope it will do him good.

Affectionate Enmity.—When the National Assembly was rushing from extreme to extreme in its opposition to the Court and policy of Louis XVI., and breaking open, in spite of the Bishop of Langres, sealed letters, to discover plots among the nobility, the Government of England disclosed a conspiracy of the aristocrats, which was to have delivered Brest into the hands of the English. So much consideration for the honor of a sister nation—so much self-denial — was seldom seen; but when the English Government refused to reveal the names of the persons implicated, and the effect of the intelligence became developed in the Declaration of August the 19th, wise heads concluded that Albion wished to set France by the ears, and that, to all intents and purposes, she had succeeded with a vengeance.

The amiable interest taken by the English Press in Napoleon's safety, is quiet of a piece with that shown by the Ministers of George in regard to the honor and independence of the unfortunate Louis. They see a thousand pit-falls of which their well-beloved Ally ought to be made acquainted. They discourse with the wisdom of accomplices on the secret republican machinations which have escaped all ears but theirs. One would think from their words that they had a personal affection for the dynasty of Napoleon, and were resolved to sustain it with all the force of their earnest natures.

Alas! History reads a different lesson on attention like this. Eighteen centuries before our era, a Hindoo lawgiver laid it down as a rule for all powers to foster dissentions "in the nations next to them, with the purpose of preserving or extending their territory," and English public men have been amongst the most expert of his followers. The reasons mentioned by Menu are certainly as powerful now as in his days; and with the despatch before us ordering the French Navy to be on a war footing in three months, we are uncharitable enough to believe that they have their influence on English politicians.

James T. Brady and Divorce.—Some would think that our present laws relating to Marriage are lax enough. Not so, Mr. James T. Brady. Born a Catholic, of parents who believed matrimony to be an indissoluble Sacrament, he yet would have it dissolved on proof that the parties to it labor under "an incompatibility of temper!" Fact, these are the very words he used in his late Lecture. The question suggests itself, has he his Catechism or an increase of law business most at heart? Certainly not the former, for *it* bears strongly against divorces "for incompatibility of temper."

It is many years since Cato suggested that the Roman forum should be scattered over with flints, to keep lawyers from wishing to go there, and to quicken their departure. Pliny is ecstatic in praise of this appeal to their *soles*. But, much as we need the flints to limit the wrangling of our lawyers, we seem to need, in a particular manner, a copy of the Christian Doctrine for the benefit of this Catholic advocate's conscience. Who will enclose him one with our compliments?

Appointments.—We are glad to perceive that our friend, Thomas Booth, Esq., of Wilber, Ulster County, N. Y., has been appointed by the Administration Postmaster of the new office recently opened in that village. Mr. Booth is in every way well qualified for the position.

Worth being Copied.—The article in the *Herald and Visitor*, of Philadelphia, on Church Music as understood by the Cardinal-Vicar at Rome.

A Pontifical Mass was celebrated by his Grace the Archbishop, at St. Patrick's Cathedral, on Easter Sunday. Assistant Priest, the Rev. Father Starrs. Deacon of Honor, Rev. Mr. Barry. Deacon, the Rev. Mr. McEvoy. Sub-Deacon, Mr. Conron. The sermon was preached by the Very Rev. Father Starrs. The collections, as in all the other churches, were for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Washington, April 2, 1858.

Two weeks ago I advanced the opinion that the vexed question of Lecompton would not pass the House of Representatives in the shape that it passed the Senate, although it had undergone considerable modification in that body before it was finally acted upon. The temporising amendment of Senator Green, its chief engineer in that body, pleased neither the North nor the South, and gave to the latter a barren victory. Without giving any of the special or general remarks of the Senators who spoke on the night of the 22nd ult. on that exciting subject, one, however, in particular deserves a passing notice.

Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, an "American" *i. e.* Know-Nothing, in the course of the debate said, that his chief object in offering his amendment to send the Lecompton Constitution back to the people of Kansas was to protect the purity of the ballot box. This was its object, as it was the object of the party to which he belonged in advocating an extension of the naturalization laws. He added that from all the evidence before the Senate and the country, it was clear that of the 6,000 votes said to be given for that constitution 2,500, at least, were known to be fraudulent. Well, if this number of false votes, on the borders of one of the most Western States, where few or no "foreigners" are settled, could be given by *native Americans* out of about 6,000, what is the proportion they give at every election throughout the length and breadth of the country? And, again, what remedy does Mr. Crittenden and his brother Know-Nothings propose for correcting so gross and palpable a violation of personal rights? If he and all his Know-Nothing friends were to investigate the frauds practised by, or through "foreigners" at the instance of natives for twenty years past in the seaboard cities, where the immigrants and naturalized citizens are the most numerous, they could not find in the aggregate for that period anything to equal the number of illegal votes cast by the natives of Missouri at the election in Kansas for her constitution. I hope that those who want to extend the naturalization laws will set their own friends right first before they make prejudiced, and often unfounded charges against a class of people, who are guiltless of the charges made upon them.

One of the Indians, sojourning at Mrs. Maher's hotel, named Tuck-a-lix-tah (the owner of many horses), died a few days since and was buried [at the Congressional Cemetery. A large cortege of respectable citizens besides the Indian delegation here, numbering from forty to fifty, accompanied the corpse to the grave.

Philip B. Key (of Herbert notoriety) has been renominated and confirmed as United States District Attorney for this District. Also, the Senate confirmed at the same the nomination of William Flynn, for Navy agent for this city. These appointments seem to give very general satisfaction.

The Lecompton Bill, as announced by the House of Representatives, came up in the Senate to-day. Mr. Green moved that the Senate adhere to its vote on the passage of the Bill through that body. Mr. Bigler of Pennsylvania, the Adminstration leader, argued against the adoption of the amendment on the ground that it would be a violation of Democratic doctrines concerning non-intervention. He further said that the amendment was unsafe and insidious, inasmuch as it gave the President the unlimited power of admitting Kansas into the Union, even if her government should be anti-republican. Mr. Douglas said, like the Senator from Pennsylvania, he was anxious that the principles of the Democratic party on the rights of the people to make their own laws, should prevail. That was the whole doctrine of his life. Pass the amendment of the Senator of Kentucky by sending the Constitution back to the people for ratification or rejection, and it will be carrying out the Democrat principle of non-intervention, and restore peace to the country in an hour. In reply to Mr. Bigler's remarks concerning the admission of Florida, he contended that if Congress in that case was precluded from inquiring as to whether that Constitution was the act of her people, he never wanted such a precedent to be established for the people of this country, and admitting Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution would be affirming a principle at war with the right of the people to govern themselves. It would be debarring Congress from ever enquiring into the fact as to whether Constitutions could ever get a majority of the votes of a territory. Mr. Pugh spoke for some time against the House bill, as he called it, and would vote against it, it being a different one from that on which he was instructed by his State. He is still debating the question as the mail is about to close. The Senate will reject the House amendment, and then it is uncertain what the issue will be.

Sigma.

P. S.—At 7 minutes to 3 o'clock the Senate took a vote disagreeing to the amendment of the House, by Ayes 33, Nays 22, and adjourned until Monday.

A FOX HUNT.

At the dawn of the morn,
Ere the thrush leaves the thorn,
At the sound of the horn,
Away!
The hounds are loud baying,
Impatient at staying,
The hunters are neighing
Away!
We'll scour the fields over,
Up-flushing the plover,
And Reynard uncover
To-day.

Ope the kennel gates wide!
A hunting we'll ride—
Diana will guide
Our array—
Leaves the Plower the slade—
Throws the Delver his spade—
And the Mower his blade
Away:
Rush the scholars from school—
Leaves the master his rule—
He's a laggard and fool
That will stay.

All is silent around—
Not a yelp from a hound,
As they eagerly bound
All away.
Hark that veteran's cry!
Hear old Ringwood reply!
Now they run not—they fly
For the prey!
The sky is clear o'er us—
He's up, and before us—
The pack's in full chorus,
Hark away!

O'er mead-land and fallow,
We dashingly follow
The cheering view hollo'
Far away;
Over moor-land, thro' wood,
Thro' the brake, thro' the flood,
While hot glows our blood
With the play;
And we scour the plain wide,
Like ships o'er the tide,
As they sweep in their pride
To the tray.

Prove your lineage my steed!
Show your mettle! your speed!
And the fleet ones we'll lead
Them away.
While the slow pant for breath,
Far behind on the heath.
We're in at the death,
Hurra!
When forward we rush
With excitement's wild flush,
And the prize of the Brush
Bear away!

R. P.

THE MISSION BOOK.

It will be seen from an advertisement on our last page, that the Messrs. Sadlier & Co. have just published a new and revised edition of the Mission Book, by direction of the Fathers of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. Our readers need only refer to the Contents in the advertisement to satisfy themselves of the variety and usefulness of the Devotions contained in the work.

Received.

Rome, Its Ruler and Its Institutions, by John Francis Maguire, M.P. *D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York.*

Benton's Debates in Congress. Vol. 6. *D. Appleton & Co., New York.*

Mr. D. O'Sullivan will call on our Subscribers on the line of the N. Y. Central Railroad this and the following weeks. We hope they will be prepared to meet him.

MARRIED.

In Brooklyn, on the 5th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Keegan, James E. McGee, Esq., Counsellor-at-Law, to Elizabeth, only daughter of P. Reardon, Esq.

A BATCH OF PERIODICALS.

The Celt, March, 1858. O'Daly, Dublin. The Irish Literary Gazette. No. 86 Middle Abbey street, Dublin, 4 numbers. The Dublin Journal. Robinson & Co., 81 Great Britain street, Dublin. Brownson's Quarterly Review for April. The Metropolitan for April. Murphy & Co., Baltimore. Youth's Magazine. Murphy & Co.

On the score of originality, and on account of its intense Irish nationality, the *Celt* claims our first and most particular attention. It is, in sooth, a cottage visitor such as we would desire to see, making its way to, and taking up its abode by, every hearthstone in Ireland. Judging from the contents of the present number, and the hopeful, instructive lessons which it contains, together with the songs, traditions, and ballads with which it is brimful, little apprehension need be entertained as to the sort of welcome with which it would be received. *Ireland United* is an able paper, written with care, and by one sensibly alive to the present perturbed state of European affairs. The writer deplores the absence of that public spirit in Ireland which would avail itself of every occasion by turning it to the nation's interest. *Ellie*, a national ballad, *The Rescued Harp*, and a *Lament for Edward Walsh*, are among the poems. Antiquity is represented in an article on the ancient dress of the Irish, which evinces considerable knowledge, and which is to be continued. Ireland's former eminence in religion and learning is not forgotten, as the exquisite paper on the Round Tower and Church of Holy Island, published in last week's Tablet, bears ample proof.

The *Irish Literary Gazette*, a weekly periodical, four numbers of which now lie before us, is another candidate for public patronage. Being purely literary, it abounds in tales, criticism, poetry, and descriptions of scenery and of remarkable places in Ireland. The *Critics in Council* (a series of criticisms on authors and their books, continued from number to number) display considerable acumen and taste. The Council is evidently composed of individuals fully competent to judge of the merits of authors and their works. The seventh volume of Alison's stupid *History of Europe* comes in, very justly, for some hard knocks, at the hands of the President of the Council. Treating of the Temperance Movement in Ireland, Alison, in the full tide of his ignorance on the subject, makes the palpably ridiculous blunder of attributing the origin of that movement to a compact entered into between Mr. O'Connell and the heads of the Irish Catholic Church. After hearing so much from the befogged knight on the subject of Irish Temperance, we are forced to come to the conclusion of Bayes in the *Rehearsal*, that he is "a very pretty fellow," but we desire no more acquaintance with the man. *Antiquarian Rambles in the County of Dublin*, being visits to and descriptions of antiquarian remains in that county, will amply repay perusal. In the number of the 13th of March is to be found a paper on the *River Lee*, in which all the interesting places of note along the margin of that delightful river are brought prominently into view. Kilcrea Abbey, immortalized in the fine ballad entitled *The Monks of Kilcrea*, is more particularly dwelt on. Within its venerable precincts repose the bones of the celebrated Arthur O'Leary, commonly called "The Outlaw." It is also the burial place of the O'Connors. Roger O'Conner, brother to Arthur O'Connor, of '98 celebrity, lies interred there. This Roger was the father of the late Feargus O'Connor. Like his brother Arthur, he was deeply implicated in the "United" business. Each number of the *Gazette* is provided with an illustration.

The *Dublin Journal* does not differ essentially from the *Irish Literary Gazette*. It is less sparingly illustrated, and contains tales, descriptions of scenery, a variety of anecdotes, and an admirable series of papers on the *Bench and Bar of Ireland*. Although some of the men who occupied prominent places both on bench and bar in Ireland entertained but limited sympathy with the people, yet it is well we should know all about them. Talents of the very highest order, linked with brilliant convivial powers, were the attributes of all, yet it cannot be said, with equal truth, that they were all good Irishmen.

Brownson's Quarterly Review for April.

We omitted to call attention last week to the very important article on "The Social Condition and Education of the People of England and Europe," from the pen of Bishop Spalding, in the *Quarterly* for this month. It gathers into a short space all the facts and arguments needed in contrasting English and more Catholic civilizations, and leaves no gap through which the bigoted can escape.

The Reply to the *Princeton Review*, from the pen of Mr. Brownson, is masterly beyond imagining. It must be read, and read slowly and thoughtfully, to be fully appreciated. In style it differs, to our ear, from Dr. B.'s usual controversial papers.

The Metropolitan for April. Murphy & Co., Baltimore.

An excellent number. The summary of the controversy on the motto ascribed to Lafayette was greatly needed for future reference. So long as the arguments *pro* and *con*. were confined to newspapers, they were difficult to be attained. In their present form they become matter of history.

We need add nothing to the praises which we have already given to the compiler of the miscellaneous department of the *Metropolitan*. His average taste, as shown in his selections, is, we believe, in accordance with the average requirements of the readers—and this fitness is the highest aim of all good clippers.

Youth's Magazine. Murphy & Co.

A choice little monthly serial for the young; and one which should be in every Catholic family where there are youths between five and ten years of age, or thereabouts.

THE FATHERS OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL IN IRELAND.

Missions of the Fathers of Saint Vincent de Paul in Ireland; with a Sketch of the Great Irish Rebellion.

We take the following very interesting chapter from the life of St. Vincent de Paul, by Henry Bedford, just published by Sadlier & Co.:

In May, 1645, Rinuccini, Archbishop of Fermo, passed through Paris on his way to Ireland, to which country Innocent X. had sent him as nuncio. At that time Vincent was preparing, by the direction of the Holy Father, to send missions into Persia and the kingdom of Fez; but circumstances prevented the execution of these designs. It is very probable that the nuncio was the bearer of a message which directed the attention of our Saint to the deplorable condition of the land for which he was bound; for soon afterwards we find Vincent preparing no less than nine of his community for a mission to Ireland.

We must call to mind a few historical facts which will suffice to show the misery under which Ireland was laboring at that period.

During the unhappy disputes between Charles I. and his Parliament, the Irish Catholics remained faithful to the king. There was almost an infatuation in their attachment to that irresolute and faithless monarch; the many wrongs they suffered, they laid to the charge of his ministers; whatever gleam of sunshine penetrated the darkness that overhung the land, they attributed to the king. Even Strafford's government seemed mild when compared with that of his successors; and the fall of that minister brought no consolation to those who saw in it but the triumph of their deadliest enemies.

Things had now arrived at such a state that they could no longer be endured. The rising of the Ulster chiefs in 1641 was a struggle for life; for the Puritans had vowed the extirpation of the Catholics; and before long the Catholics of the Pale were forced to join their more ardent brethren of the north. The country rose to the call, and the Church gave its sanction to what was felt to be a war of religion. A provincial synod of Ulster, held at Kells in March, 1642, under the Archbishop of Armagh, declared the struggle to be a just and pious one; while a national synod at Kilkenny, in May, proclaimed the war to be lawful, "undertaken for the defence of the Catholic religion, and the preservation of the sovereign lord King Charles and his just rights and prerogatives." For a time success crowned the exertions of the confederates; but soon discord sprang up in the Irish camp. The "new Irish party," as the nuncio calls it in his report, the men of the Pale, began to tire of the league, and felt they had little in common with the "old Irish." In spite of the earnest remonstrances of the wiser men, a truce was concluded in 1643. It was a ruinous measure for the nation. A few weeks of active and resolute measures would have sufficed to annihilate the parliamentary party in Ireland; and who knows but that the forces, thus elated by victory, and attached so warmly to their king, might, by joining his friends in England, have brought the rebellion in that country to a very different issue from that which stained the nation with the blood of Charles I.? This unwise and hasty truce, however, ruined the cause.

In 1645 commissioners were appointed to conclude a peace, and at this time Rinuccini passed through Paris on his way as nuncio to Ireland. He arrived in October. Dissentions continued to prevail. The nuncio could not sanction a peace which gave no pledge for the free exercise of religion; but he was overruled and the peace was formally ratified in July, 1646. Rinuccini was not the man to sit down quietly under such circumstances. In August he went to Kilkenny with the great leader O'Neil, took the chiefs of the temporizing party prisoners, excommunicated the authors and abettors of the peace, appointed a new council of eight laymen and four ecclesiastics, and was himself placed at their head as president. The people rallied round him; the king promised, if he could escape from the Scots, to throw himself into their hands; and the combined forces of Ulster and Lienster marched with their ecclesiastical leader after the lord lieutenant Ormond to Dublin. However, the besiegers were obliged to retire without accomplishing their purpose; the curse of internal division, as usual, marred their councils; and Ormond, in opposition to the express command of the king, delivered Dublin into the hands of the Parliamentarians, and with the reward of his treachery withdrew to England, and subsequently to France.

Once more the confederates met with a reverse; several battles lost only fomented division. Another truce was proposed in May, 1647, to which the nuncio again objected; it was carried, and once more he fulminated an excommunication. And now the controversy waxed still warmer, and divided the clergy, regular and secular, into violent parties. The Capuchins and Dominicans declared for the censures; the Jesuits, Carmelites, and Franciscans were for the truce; while eight of the bishops protested against the excommunication. Nor did the matter end here: O'Neil was proclaimed a rebel; and he replied by declaring war against the council. Before long Ormond returned to Ireland as lord lieutenant; and the party which had before opposed him was now too much weakened by these divisions to stand in his way.

In January, 1649, a new pacification was signed, and in a few days the murder of the king was perpetrated. The nuncio left the country; and in the same year Cromwell appeared on the shores of Ireland. In the month of August he landed at Dublin with eight thousand foot, four thousand horse, and twenty thousand pounds in money; for the regicides had sent him as lord lieutenant, while Ormond retained that office in the name of Charles II.

It is not our purpose to dwell upon the awful scenes of rapine and bloodshed which marked the course of Cromwell's army. One incident alone affects our narrative, and that brings us to Limerick. To that city had most of Vincent's missionaries betaken themselves, when, after a dangerous passage from Saint Nazaire, at the mouth of the Loire, they reached Ireland. The holy company consisted in all of eight fathers, of whom five were of English or Irish birth; some went into the diocese of Cashel, but the rest, as we have said, repaired to Limerick. It was at the latter end of the year 1646 that they entered upon their missionary labors; and the result was such as to surprise the Fathers, though not greater than usually attends similar efforts among this devout people. The nuncio found time, amid the distractions of the civil war, to give his sanction to their work, and to recommend it as a model alike for bishops and priests; and these gladly availed themselves of its blessed influences. They were the first to present themselves to make a general confession; and by their example led on their flocks to a profitable use of the boon which Vincent had sent them. The disorders of the times had driven the country-people into the towns; and such were the crowds which beset the confessionals, that persons had to wait whole weeks before they could obtain admission. Those were, indeed, no ordinary times; the spirit of persecution raged with a violence which had scarcely been known before, even in that land of persecutions. And with that evil spirit rose the devotion of the people. The fury of the regicides turned with redoubled force upon the Catholics, who had dared to proclaim the son of their victim as king; and the missionaries found their occupation to be like that of those who, in the days of the early persecutions, prepared Christians for martyrdom. "As with the people, so with the priest;" not one of those among whom the missionaries labored deserted his flock; violence or death alone could separate them.

But while their labors extended throughout the diocese, their chief exertions were directed to the city of Limerick itself, where was the stout-hearted bishop, Edmond O'Dwyer. And well was it for Limerick that it had its bishop within its walls; for stout hearts were especially needed at that day, not only to bear up against the terrible sufferings which the faithful had continually to encounter, but to keep in the rugged path of duty those whose courage might be tempted to waver amid such severe trials. The good bishop was never missing, whether at the council-board or the alter; ready alike to give his voice for the defence of the city against the Independents and to minister at the death-bed of the plague-stricken famished soldier. Ireton, Cromwell's stern son-in-law, was at the gates, and faint hearts trembled and talked of submission; nay, when the bishop threatened excommunication against the traitors, human weakness made some despise the spiritual penalty; but the negotiation failed, and the siege proceeded. Pestilence raged within the walls, and that so fatally, that not less than eight thousand of the inhabitants were swept away by this cruel malady. Many tried to escape from the city; but the brutal general threatened to shoot any who should attempt to come out. He actually seized three or four, whom he ordered for execution; and others he caused to be whipped back into the town. One of the poor creatures thus condemned to be hanged was a young girl, the daughter of an old man who was one of the number driven back. The father prayed to be allowed to die in the place of his child; but his prayer was rejected.

Thus the siege continued till the end of October, 1651, when a traitor, Colonel Gennell, who had before betrayed the pass at Killaloe, and then taken shelter in Limerick, conspired with others, and treacherously admitted the enemy at one of the gates. The city being now invested on both sides by a numerous army, which had just received a reinforcement of 4,000 men, the brave Hugh O'Neil and his garrison were constrained to accept articles of surrender. Ireton excluded by name from the benefit of pardon those who had been foremost in the defence; among these were O'Neil, the Bishop of Limerick, and the Bishop of Emly. The first had a narrow escape. Ireton tried him by a court-martial, which condemned him to death; some of the officers remonstrated, and Ireton at length gave him a second trial, when he was saved by a single vote. The Bishop of Limerick escaped among the troops in the dress of a common soldier, and died at Brussels. For the Bishop of Emly a different fate was reserved.

Terence Albert O'Brien was a friar of the Dominican Convent in Limerick, and was made Bishop of Emly in 1644. His eloquence was so powerful in sustaining the courage of the besieged, that Ireton actually made him an offer of £40,000 and a passport, if he would only quit the city. He spurned the bribe, and was in consequence exempted from the pardon. He was tried, and condemned to be hanged and beheaded. In his last moments he addressed Ireton, upbraided him for his injustice, and summoned him to appear in a few days before the tribunal of God. The summons was obeyed! In eight days the inexorable general was smitten with the plague, and died raving wildly of him whose words he had so lately despised.

It was amid such scenes as these that the Fathers of the Mission toiled incessantly; and with what success we have already seen. It is, however, but just that the brave old bishop who bore so large a portion of the labor should tell his own tale, which he does in the following letter to Vincent:

"I have often in my letters to your reverence given you an account of your missionaries in this kingdom: to speak the truth, never, in the memory of man, was so great progress heard of in the Catholic religion as we have witnessed during the last few years, owing to their piety and assiduity. In the beginning of the present year we opened the mission in this city (where there are not less than 20,000 communicants), with such good success among the people generally, that I doubt not but that, by God's grace, the greater portion of them have been delivered from the grasp of Satan by the remedy which has been brought to bear upon invalid confessions, drunkennesses, swearings, adulteries, and other disorders which have been quite abolished; so much so, that the whole city has changed its aspect, being driven to resort to penance by the pestilence, famine, war, and other dangers which beset us on all sides, and which we receive as manifest signs of the anger of God. Nevertheless His goodness has been pleased to grant us this favor, unworthy servants as we are, to be engaged in this work, which, in truth, was so difficult in its commencement, that some even thought that we could never complete it; but God has made use of the weak things of the world to confound the strong. The chief people in the town are so assiduous in their attendance at sermons, catechism, and all the other exercises of the mission, that the cathedral can hardly hold them. We cannot better appease the anger of God than by extirpating sin, which is the foundation and cause of every evil. And, indeed, it is our own fault if God does not stretch out a helping hand to us. To Him it belongs to have mercy and to pardon. My father, I confess that I owe the salvation of my soul to your children. Write them some consoling words. I know not under heaven a mission more useful than this of Ireland; for, were there a hundred missionaries, the work would always exceed the laborers. Our sins are very grievous; and who knows but that God may take from us His kingdom, and give the bread of angels to dogs, to our shame and confusion?"

Of the three missionaries who were in Limerick during the siege, one died in the discharge of his sacred duties, and the other two, Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Barry, escaped in disguise after the city had been taken. In 1652 they returned to France, after having labored zealously in Ireland for six years. The whole expense of this prolonged mission was sustained by the funds of St. Lazarus; the only assistance which Vincent received being a present from the Duchess d'Aiguillon towards the expenses of the voyage, and for the purchase of some necessary altar furniture. It is on record, that upwards of eighty thousand general confessions were heard; and, indeed, so wonderful were the results which followed, that it was proposed to Vincent to preserve some detailed narrative of the mission. His reply was striking:

"It is enough that God knows what has been done; the humility of our Lord requires of our little Congregation of the Mission that it should lie concealed with Jesus Christ in honor of His hidden life. The blood of the martyrs of Ireland will not be forgotten by Him, and sooner or later it will be fruitful in the production of new Catholics."

Surely it was in the spirit of prophecy that these words were uttered; and Ireland's subsequent history has borne noble testimony to their fulfilment.

But while the Fathers of the Mission were thus tolling in Ireland, Vincent was busy at home, assisting the people of the same land who had fled to France from the persecution which was raging in their native country. Cromwell was carrying his threat of extermination into execution, and numbers entered the French army to gain a subsistence. Many of these perished in the wars in Guyenne, and others in Picardy. The survivors, and the widows and orphans of the slain, were left in the extremity of distress. They had Troyes assigned for their winter-quarters; and a mournful sight it was to watch the poor sufferers as they entered the city, barefoot amid the snows of winter, and sinking under a nine days' fast; and people shuddered, as well they might, to see them devour with ravenous appetite what the dogs had left in the streets. As soon as the sad tale reached the ears of Vincent, he sent an Irish Father from his house with six hundred livres; and quickly there followed more money, as well as food and clothing. Thus the relief began; and the good ladies of Troyes soon followed the example which Vincent and his friends at Paris had set. The Irish priests had work enough to do in the spiritual care of those who could speak no language but their own; but the spirit of his order enabled him to prepare them for their Easter communion.

It is marvellous to think what our Saint was thus enabled to accomplish in the midst of the distress under which France was suffering at this time. The neighborhood of Paris was uncultivated, and almost without an inhabitant; the city itself was swarming with starving multitudes; and yet these poor exiles of Erin were tended with all a father's care!

The Fate of Breasal, Son of Dermot, A. D. 550.

By Mrs. J. Sadlier.

All was joy and bustle and excitement in the ancient palace of Kells, for Breasal, its lord, had invited his royal father, the great and good Dermot, with all his Court, to a grand entertainment. The prince had spared neither cost nor trouble to make the banquet what it should be, and his heart swelled with joy and pride as he glanced over the festive board groaning beneath the weight of sumptuous viands, and dishes and drinking-cups of gold and silver.

"It will do," he murmured, and his cheek glowed with exultation, "it is worthy even of Dermot, the greatest of kings, and the best of fathers."

So he went forth to meet and welcome his royal parent, attended by a numerous train, and when the cavalcade approached, Breasal sprang from his chariot, and bowed his stately head to receive his father's blessing. And Dermot blessed him and his, and inwardly thanked Heaven for having a son so good and so dutiful. Swiftly the chariots rolled over the rich, smooth plains of Meath, and by the door of Columba's chapel, then a recent erection, till the cavalcade stopped in front of the palace, when Breasal, leaping lightly to the ground, conducted his father to the hall where the banquet was soon after served.

Dermot was somewhat surprised, and probably well pleased at the splendor of the preparations, and he took occasion to compliment his son on the munificence and good taste equally displayed on the occasion. Amongst other things which he found to his good liking was a ponderous roast of beef of uncommon fatness and most delicious flavor, and he asked Breasal whether that ox was raised on his own pasture. Breasal did not know, but he rather thought it was. He supposed so.

"I must have some of that breed," said the king, "there is none of mine equal to it." Just at this moment there was a violent commotion at the lower end of the hall, and a woman, rather meanly clad, was seen struggling in the hands of Breasal's people.

The king inquired what the tumult meant, and was answered by some of his own courtiers that the woman demanded to speak with him.

"Bring her here at once!" said the monarch, "let us hear what she has to say!"

So the woman was brought to the royal presence, and throwing herself on her knees at Dermot's feet, she cried:

"Justice! justice! oh king!—I have been robbed!"

"Robbed, say you? by whom? speak out, woman! Dermot will see that your wrongs are avenged!"

"I know it," said the woman, "and that is why I come. Two days since I had a cow, O king! and the like of her was not in all the country round. But the evil eye fell on her, the rich man coveted her for his table, and his servants took her from me, though I had none but her. Justice, oh Dermot, son of Cearbhaill—justice I crave at your hands!"

A fiery glow mounted to Dermot's face, denoting the rising storm of indignation. "And who is he—this selfish tyrant—this plunderer of the poor."

"Alas! alas! I fear to name him!" said the still kneeling suppliant, covering her face with her hands. "He is great and powerful."

"Woman! I command you to name him!" cried the incensed monarch, rising from his seat. "Were he my brother, he shall not escape the sword of justice!"

"There he stands, then," said the woman, rising to her feet, and pointing towards Breasal, who now stood pale and trembling before his father, as the latter fixed his piercing eye upon him.

"Father!" said he, and his voice faltered with emotion, "Father! I pledge you my honor as a prince and as a knight that I knew not of this. If my people did what the woman says, it was without my knowledge!"

"Silence!" cried the king in a voice of thunder. "That is no excuse—it was your business to see that your servants did not plunder the poor—you have likewise made me a partner in your guilt, seeing that I eat of that stolen beef. For this crying outrage on a defenceless woman, you shall die, Breasal—yea, this very day—prepare for death as soon as may be!"

"But, father!" again pleaded Breasal——

"I have said it," was the stern rejoinder, "take him hence, and bring him a priest that he may die penitent and absolved. Away with him!"

Several of the nobles present would have remonstrated, but Dermot was inexorable. Like a second Brutus, he spared not even his own flesh and blood when the rights of law and justice were at stake. His own face was pale as death, and he carefully avoided looking at his son. His voice, too, quivered with emotion, as he repeated the hard sentence, but still he sternly silenced those who would have pleaded for his son. Even the unhappy woman who was the immediate cause of the catastrophe clung around the monarch's knees and begged for a milder punishment, but Dermot flung her from him, as with a feeling of horror and aversion, and striding from the hall, he renewed his orders for the execution.

A few hours after and Breasal, the eldest of Dermot's sons, had ceased to live. An incurable sadness took possession of the monarch's heart, increased an hundred fold, when he learned that, after all, Breasal's people were not so much to blame, inasmuch as they had offered the woman any price she might choose to ask for her cow, but she, being of a peevish turn, would not please them so far as to consent, whereupon they waxed wroth and took the cow from her, without any compensation.

OUR MINNESOTA CORRESPONDENCE.

St. Patrick's Day.—Western Emigration.—Railroad and Commercial Prospects, &c.

St. Paul, Minn., March 20th, 1858.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TABLET.

Permit an old friend to occupy a little space for a few scraps of news from this far off land, which may be of interest, possibly of advantage, to some of our friends at the East, especially amongst those who may contemplate emigration to the West:—but, ere I say aught on general topics, let me describe our celebration of "The day, first in the affection's of Ireland's Sons"—the Anniversary of our glorious Patron Saint.

At dawn the day was cloudy with symptoms of rain, but cleared off as the procession commenced, and the sun shone out brilliantly. The "St. Paul City Guards" led the van, presenting a soldierly appearance, and their martial air bespoke the sons of the land which has contributed so largely to the growth and development of the Western States. They are worthy scions, aye, the kith and kin of the heroes who fought and conquered under the French eagles at Fontenoy, and on many a hard-contested battle field on the American Continent. They promise to be the crack company of the northwest, and number some 50 men. After them followed the "Benevolent Society of Sons of Erin," the "St. Patrick's Society," and the Irish citizens generally, decorated with the Emerald green, and bearing the handsome banners of these Societies.

Preceded by a band of martial music the procession took the route for Church, where they assisted at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and listened to a touching and powerful discourse by our worthy Pastor, Father McManus. During the Elevation the Guards presented arms. After Mass the procession re-formed *en route* for the Hospital of the "Sisters of St. Joseph," where the whole body made the circuit of the extensive grounds, giving an opportunity for military evolutions. When the Guards presented arms to the Civic Societies, the enthusiasm of some of the bystanders found vent in cries of "more power to you, boys." The procession continued their progress through the principal streets and avenues, and returned in regular order of march to the Armory of the City Guards, where addresses were made and congratulations exchanged on the auspicious Anniversary which had brought together so many hundreds from the old sod, uniting them by ties of magic influence, and proving that, although separated by 5,000 miles of land and ocean, they still remain firmly attached to their first and early love of home and country.

As I looked on the gay pageant and gazed on the green banner surmounted by the emblem of redemption, my thoughts wandered back to bygone days, and I bethought me of the time when a school-boy I battled with my schoolmates for the honor of carrying the St. Patrick's banner at the head of my class. Twenty years have rolled on since then, the exuberance of youthful fancies have cooled down, the experience which age forces upon us tends, in some measure, to curtail the meed of enjoyment, yet there are few sons of the Sainted Isle but feel the revivifying influence of St. Patrick's Day, and so may it long continue amongst ourselves and our descendants.

The season, being mild, naturally leads us to look forward for the resumption of business and of river navigation on the Mississippi. Business has partially commenced, the river being open from this point to the head of Lake Pepin, and it is anticipated that boats can come through from below in a week at farthest, which will be earlier than for several years. Having in former communications pointed out the numerous advantages and the healthy climate of Minnesota, I will not now enter into any details, but simply allude to such topics as occur to me of interest to your readers, and no doubt there are in the eastern States thousands now turning their thoughts westward, uncertain where to go. To all such, I would say with candor, first make up your minds to strike out in a new country, where you will find many things different to what you have been accustomed to witness in the old, thickly settled, cities and populous districts of the eastern States.

The great West is rich in all the elements necessary for a nation's greatness. Agriculture, commerce, minerals &c., all the raw materials are here. They need but be developed; and at a time like the present when the net-work of society has been rent assunder, and the fragments, as it were, cast hither and thither, what more natural than to suppose, nay to expect that the thousands who have been thrown out of employment, and all who feel themselves cramped at the east, without prospect of bettering their condition, or leaving their children even as fair a chance as themselves to bear up against the bigotry and intolerance of New England, look with interest to a western home?

Amidst all the western States and Territories, I may say without hesitation, without fear of successful contradiction, that Minnesota stands pre-eminent to-day in all the advantages which nature has accorded, and such as are sought for by the industrious and intelligent emigrant. Unlike Kansas and other Territories, Minnesota is at peace; quiet reigns within her borders; no strife or dissensions, verging on civil war, imperils the safety of home and kindred; education is diffused throughout the State, and religion has made and continues to make great progress. Churches have been erected, and others are in course of construction in many places, some rude enough, 'tis true, yet sufficient for a pioneer country, and the Sacrifice offered therein, without doubt, as acceptable to the Most High as the offerings of the early Christians in the Catacombs, or the prayers of our fathers, during the penal laws, in the caverns and under the hill-sides of our native land.

Minnesota, with her 175,000 of peaceable, industrious and intelligent people, stands as a State at the door of the Union, but the aspect of the political horizon denotes a difficulty in her path. Kansas, 'tis said, must come in at the same time. In this communication any dissertation on politics would be not only out of place but unbecoming, so I will content myself by saying that Minnesota is, to all intents and purposes, a sovereign State. Having complied with the Congressional "Enabling Act," she but waits the recognition by Congress of her Senators and Representatives, to be hailed by the older sisterhood of States with the glad accents of welcome.

To such a State, free from fanaticism, from rabid bigotry, and open to all, we invite the suffering and doubting thousands of the old States. You may shake your heads and say it is in the wilderness infested by Indians and savages, and that there is no society, no security for our children's morals. I will answer to such objections, were they offered, by saying that, seven years ago, such objections would be almost insurmountable, but within that period they have been overcome; the red men are far removed and fast disappearing; the wilderness of a few years ago now presents the appearance of cities, villages, and settlements with tolerable roads; the rolling prairies dotted with the thrift of the husbandman, farms, pasture and grazing lands, abound; grains are well cultivated and yield abundantly; the same may be said of vegetables and with truth, for the potatoes especially are equal to any that ever replenished the board of cabin or mansion from Donegal to Kerry. To such a State, then, we bid you come and you will receive a hearty greeting. You will find thousands of your own race here, the road prepared for you, the ground, broken and facilities at hand to commence work in good earnest.

Commerce is extending over the country. Manufactures are yet in their infancy, but the facilities are unequalled as water-powers are so numerous, and our railroads with the iron horse and "all aboard" are to be commenced during the present year. Government land is yet abundant at $1 25 per acre, and but little trouble need be anticipated in locating on a quarter section by all who are honestly disposed to settle down, strike their stakes deep, and work out a home free from the vices of cities and the uncertainties of trade, where they can educate their children with a due regard for parental authority, and where, in a very short time, they can enjoy the advantages of a good neighborhood, the blessings of a well-regulated household, and the certainty of knowing that their children and descendants have a firm foothold in the land.

Our new Cathedral is progressing very finely, considering the hard financial season through which the whole country has just past, but I trust better days are dawning. The building is now being roofed and will be a splendid Church edifice when completed. We are not yet advised of the selection of a bishop for our widowed diocese, but anxiously await the action of the Holy See in this particular, and trust that the successor of our late deeply lamented Bishop will be as affectionately cherished and beloved by the people. Before closing I may be pardoned for alluding to the choice of Minnesota for Senator, and point with pride to the distinguished position held by adopted citizens, as it was by their influence chiefly that "our own Irishman" (as the Hon. Caleb Cushing called him in a lecture recently), General James Shields, was chosen United States Senator. May he long continue to hold a position for which his Statesmanlike experience and ripe judgment so eminently qualify him, and show that not alone in glory's path, or on the field of carnage battling for freedom and our country's right's, but in the Senate halls of the nation, Ireland, through her sons, challenges and is deserving the admiration of this country.

Yours always, C. P. L.

RESTORATION OF "THE CELTIC TONGUE."

[From the Nation.]

It was not to be supposed that in our position, with our feelings, our faith, our duty towards the nationality of our country, we could behold unmoved one of the oldest landmarks of its existence, one of the proudest monuments of its ancient glory—our national language—crumbling, fading, disappearing from the land. Conquest may destroy all other barriers, and wipe from the map of nations the geographical boundaries of the conquered country; years of serfdom may wed a subjugated people to their chain, may eradicate all recollection of a glorious past or desire for a glorious future; but as long as the national language survives, the most important boundary of all remains, marking them out as a distinct nation, ever reminding them of their position and its duties, ever a protest against provincialism or serfdom, ever a source of uneasiness to those who hold a nation in thrall. That any people desirous of retaining or regaining their position as a nation, should be indifferent to the loss of this, one of the first and most universally admitted attributes of distinctive nationality, is as hard to understand as that the owner of a princely estate should be indifferent to the loss of the most precious of his title deeds. That an ancient nation, possessed of that which if preserved would, however fallen its estate, ever attest its noble lineage, should fling away the priceless gem, is

about as incomprehensible as that a descendant of the Cid should adopt the Saxon title of John Brown. It is only those who have it not, that seem to value that which we so lightly estimate—an ancestry—a history—a past. This country of ours is no agglomeration of adventurers, no convict colony of yesterday. This is no revolted or dissatisfied province—no diseased limb of a parent empire. It is an ancient kingdom, once the proudest amongst the proud of Christendom—an olden nation with a heroic lineage and a glorious past, and—despite the thraldom of seven centuries—the hopes of a glorious future. Why, then, should we "stand coldly by" while this, our proudest possession, seems about to pass away from us for ever. The language of our forefathers—the language of the scholars, and sages, and saints that kept alive in a barbarous age the lamp of learning and the torch of faith—who carried religion, literature, art, and science to the remotest corners of barbarous and pagan Europe; the language of the schools and universities where an English Alfred sought education; the language in which the proscribed faith and nationality of our country took sanctuary and found preservation amidst centuries of bloody persecution.

What can Irishmen of this generation do to preserve from utter disappearance, if not to restore as far as may be, the national language? A great deal; and, happily, the desire to make the effort seems to be growing apace amongst our countrymen. A few words which Mr. Smith O'Brien uttered the other day—declaring that so keenly did he deplore the imminent extinction of the national language, that he was, "even at his advanced period of life," endeavoring to make himself master of the language of his forefathers, has produced an effect quite unlooked for by us. We know that in various places it has led to the formation of Irish classes, and the plan proposed by a patriotic Irishman in Liverpool through our pages, has bren caught up even in America. The National Schools, however, are doing much to fasten the unnational language upon us; and we must say that the Convent and Monastery Schools, by teaching only in the English tongue, are helping largely to banish the Irish. The good *religeux* who devote themselves with such praiseworthy zeal to the education of the poor, if a pupil speak Irish, endeavor to set it aside—in fact, are necessitated to do so or leave the child in ignorance. In at least one archdiocese, thank Heaven, this is not the case to any extent, if the case at all. The good and great John of Tuam adds to his other innumerable claims on the love and gratitude of Irishmen, that of being the patron and preserver of the national language in his archdiocese. There at least it is almost entirely spoken by priest and people, teacher and pupil. Indeed, it was with unusual pleasure we heard the reply given by one of his Grace's flock to the Attorney-General during the Priest Prosecution—a reply that did honor to the good Irishman who made it—Mr. Nicholas Walsh. He was twitted by the Attorney-General with being rather eloquent with the English tongue, whereupon he declared his preference for the Irish, if permitted to give his evidence in that language. "What," said the Right Hon. "do you speak *Irish*, too?" "Yes," replied the witness, as he drew himself up, and a flush of pride lit up his honest manly face—"Yes, it is the language of my country, and I love it best, *and more shame for you, sir, if you also cannot speak it.*"

The National and Convent Schools are at present doing sad work as regards the Irish Language; but we have the fullest confidence that, in the latter, at least, the slightest manifestation of a wish to such an effect would ensure the addition of Irish Teachers. Christian Brothers have already made their system so truly Irish and Catholic in spirit, that we are certain they would willingly give their help towards preventing the extinction of a language to which, as Catholics and as Irishmen, they owe so much. A great deal also would be achieved by the parents who send their children to Diocesan or other Colleges or Schools for education, demanding that Irish be put upon an equality with French, German, Latin, or Greek. We think that, without any very extravagant effort, a very few years may be made to show a decided check to the now unresisted decay of the Irish Language, if not a marked progress towards placing it upon at least as secure a footing as the people of Wales, peer and peasant, have secured for the language of Llewellyn.

For our own part, we have long felt that we were open to the reproach that, in a journal having for its peculiar mission the preservation of National feeling, the National Language formed no feature—that the eye of the Gaelic student never lit upon the Gaelic character in our pages. We have, however, resolved to remove all possibility of such reproach, purposing to add as a new feature in the *Nation* a "Gaelic department," in which we will give, as often as possible, either original Irish poems, republications from Irish Literature, or Translations into Irish of the Poems of the *Nation*. We will at least familiarize our readers with its apearance—mayhap induce some of them to follow the example, in this respect also, of their illustrious countryman, Smith O'Brien. In the land of St. David, the preservation of the Cymbric tongue is no question of party politics—Conservative and Liberal, Aristocrat and Democrat, vie with each other in attachment to it. Have *we* less reason to be proud of *our* National Language—less reason to resist its extirpation?

Oh, Irishmen, be Irish still; stand for the dear old tongue
Which, as ivy to a ruin, to your native land has clung.
Oh, snatch this relic from the wreck! the only and the last,
And cherish in your heart of hearts the Language of the Past.

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

Result of the Ministerial Elections.—Re-election of Sir Fitzroy Kelly.—India—The 88th Regiment.—Examination of Bernard.—Death of Lord Clifford.—Departure of the Earl of Carlisle.—The law appointments.

LONDON, 12th March, 1858.

The Ministerial elections have terminated in the re-election of the candidates. With the exception of the speeches of Disraeli and the new Attorney-General, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, they offer nothing worthy of comment. The discourse of the former gentleman delivered before his constituents at Aylesbury after his return for Buckinghamshire is a species of programme of the intended policy of the Derby Ministry. The Chancellor reviewed all the great questions which at present occupy the public mind. He expressed the utmost anxiety and uneasiness at the disturbance of amicable relations between this country and France, but had great confidence in the ultimate satisfactory arrangement of the pending difficulties, and for bringing about that result he placed the greatest reliance on the personal character of Napoleon III., who is not only a prince but a statesman. The Emperor adds to his other good qualities a perfect understanding of English human nature. He praised the fidelity of Napoleon, as an ally, in no measured terms, and trusted that those who had abused the hospitality accorded to them would meet with the punishment they deserve. He promised an India bill, altogether distinct from that of the preceding ministry. The subject of Reform would have the serious consideration of the government, and they hoped to bring forward a bill which would not be a mere party measure, and would receive the approbation of all temperate, sound-thinking men. He did not, however, promise the bill during the present session. The destruction of the Derby Ministry in 1852 he looked on as the cause of all the war which the country has since been plunged in—from the Russian war to the Indian mutiny. We shall see if their return to power will put an end to the latter difficulty.

Sir Fitzroy Kelly's re-election for the eastern division of Suffolk, took place on Saturday at Ipswich, and, like the Chancellor, he put forth his views on all the difficulties of the moment. He declared himself a strong advocate of the French alliance. He was more explicit on the subject of Reform than Disraeli, and promised a great deal but begged time until next Session for the preparation of a measure. Lord Stanley was re-elected for King's Lynn, Hon. Henry Lennox for Chichester, Right Hon. Thos. Estcourt for the northern division of Wilts, Mr. Henley for the county of Oxford, Sir John Packington for Droitwich, Charles Bowyer Adderly for Stafford, Lord John Manners for Leicester, Mr. Innes, the Scottish Lord Advocate, for Stamford, Viscount Newport for South Shropshire, Mr. Cairns, H. M.'s Solicitor General, for Belfast, Mr. Whiteside, Irish Attorney-General, for Enniskillen and Colonel Taylor, one of the Treasury Lords, for the county of Dublin.

There is nothing new from India. Sir Colin Campbell was still at Futtyghur waiting for a siege train, which, though on its way, was moving very slowly. Oude was as yet unpacified, but it was expected that about the end of last month it would be invaded on all sides. Outram was still at Alumbagh, had been attacked but had driven back the assailants. The natives were fortifying Lucknow so as to render it almost impregnable. The Sepoys were working at the defences with the greatest zeal. Short work was being made of such of the insurgents as fell into the hands of the English. The 18th Royal Irish had arrived at Bombay.

A rumor is abroad that in the event of Lord Canning refusing to hold his office of Governor General of India under the present Ministry, the appointment will be given to Lord Stanley, who will be raised to the peerage.

A Lieutenant of the Connaught Rangers, who was wounded at Cawnpore, has arrived from India, and denies the charges that have been made against the 88th. The detachment of the 88th were called to the front by Gen. Windham (somehow or other the post of danger is always given to an Irish regiment) and sustained the well-known reputation of that fighting corps.

The examination of Bernard was resumed at Bow street on Thursday. His relations with De Rudio, his having given him and his wife money, and having procured the false passport for him, were proved by Mrs. De Rudio. His sending the revolvers to Paris was also established. The case was not concluded, but will be resumed on Saturday.

Our Ambassador at the Sardinian Capital has, it is stated, written home to state that there is no evidence against Hodge, the Englishman, who has been arrested in Turin for complicity in the affair of the 14th January, as accessory before the fact. The documents connected with the subject are said to have been laid before the Attorney-General.

Lord Clifford, the chief of one of the oldest Catholic families of England, and a knight of the Holy Roman Empire, died in Rome on the 28th of the past month. He was born in 1790, and succeeded to the title in 1831. The title dates from the year 1672. His wife, who died in the year of her husband's succession to the title, was the only daughter of Thomas Weld, Esq., who, after the death of his wife, took Holy Orders and, subsequently, was elevated to the dignity of the Cardinalate. Lord Clifford was honored with the esteem of the Sovereign Pontiff, who appreciated the eminent qualities of the noble Catholic Lord.

The Earl of Carlisle left Dublin for England on Wednesday, after having resigned the Sword of State.

The Solicitor-Generalship has been given to Edmond Hayes, Esq. Wm. J. Napier, Esq., has been chosen by the Lord Chancellor as his Private Secretary. W.

The French Despatches.—The Correspondence in its essence.—Roebuck waxeth warlike.—The Oath's Bill.—Bernal Osborne and the Chancellor.—Who Mr. B. Osborne is.—Catholic soldiers forced to go to Church.—Lord Clanricarde.—Bernard's Committal.—The police and student war in Dublin.

LONDON, 19th March, 1858.

On Monday Lord Malmesbury laid before the House of Lords the correspondence which had passed between her Majesty's Government and that of Napoleon III. He paid a compliment to Count Walewski for his straightforwardness in expressing his sentiments to Lord Cowley—a compliment which, by the way, I think was but half deserved. But you shall judge for yourself. I will give an epitome of the despatches divested of their diplomatic outward flourishes, and impart to them the soul of wit by making them brief. No. 1 is from Lord Cowley to Lord Clarendon, dated Feb. 23d, and states Count Walewski's desire to express his surprise and regret at the interpretation given to his despatch to Count Persigny. No. 2 is from Lord Malmesbury to Lord Cowley, and expresses his satisfaction at the full and frank disavowal of Count Walewski. Though her Majesty's Government have, from the first, been convinced that an erroneous interpretation was put upon the despatch, they were delighted to receive this voluntary repudiation. Certain passages of the despatch, however, might be construed into imputations. Under such circumstances the Count, with his usual frankness, will not hesitate to give an explanation which will remove any remaining misconception. No. 3. From Lord Cowley to Lord Malmesbury. The writer waited on Count Walewski. The Count is highly desirous to maintain friendly relations with England. He would answer the rest of Lord Malmesbury's despatch through the French Minister in London, but did not hesitate to state that nothing had been farther from his intention than to cast any imputation on the morality or honor of the British nation. He admitted he had used strong language but solely with reference to proceedings in England dangerous for the peace of France. He had never intended to point out a remedy for them; that question was for the British Government alone to decide. No. 4. From Lord Malmesbury to Lord Cowley. His Lordship is certain that all misconception will be removed by the answer which Count Walewski leads Lord Cowley to think will be made. No. 5. is from Count Walewski to M. Persigny, and acknowledges the receipt of Lord Malmesbury's despatch. It never entered the Count's head to consider English legislation as *designedly* sheltering the offender. M. Persigny will be kind enough to say to the Principal Secretary of State that the Emperor's intentions having been misunderstood the government will abstain from continuing a discussion which might endanger the good understanding between the two countries, and would leave everything to the loyalty of the English people. So ends the correspondence and the despatch, which, as you may perceive, is not quite so satisfactory as the British minister in Paris "was led to conceive."

Mr. Disraeli made no statement in the House of Commons. In the anomalous position of the new Ministry, he probably considered that the Premier's ambiguous statement in the Lords was as much—if not more—than was necessary. On the question of the English engineers of the *Cagliari*, little Roebuck was ludicrously bellicose. He would have sent to Naples—not Mr. Lyons—but Lord Lyons with a three-decker, with her guns shotted and bearing on the royal palace! Little Roebuck has an excellent opportunity of ventilating his valor, as the Count de Ligny has challenged him for his language in the House with regard to the French addresses, but he will take care not to avail himself of it. Mr. Rich called for returns with regard to the Sepoys, and thereby evoked a discussion in which it was shown that there was a vast amount of exaggeration in the accounts of atrocities committed by the Sepoys. On the 17th Lord John Russell in moving that the House go into committee on the Oath's Bill, proposed to leave out the words at the end of the 7th clause (which re-enacts the oaths taken by Catholic Members), "that such oaths shall be taken as if the act had not passed." He also proposed inserting some words in the preamble to make it clear that members taking it did not affirm their belief that the Pope exercised no influence over the minds of Catholics. Mr. Bernal Osborne, whose mouth has been shut by official confectionary for some years past, attacked the policy, or rather the want of policy, of the government on Monday, and was passably facetious. He met his master, however, in the "periphrastic" Chancellor. Mr. Bernal Osborne is a gentleman who having little property, except the title of Captain, was lucky enough to marry a rich Irish heiress, Miss Osborne, daughter of sturdy old Sir Thomas Osborne, who, being a member of Parliament before the Union, made a vow never to sit in an English House of Commons—and kept his word. Captain Bernal, with the heiress and the estates, took the family name, and thus became Bernal Osborne.

On Tuesday, Captain O'Connell asked the Secretary at War whether he had heard a statement that the Brevet Major commanding the 60th. Rifles at Arcot, ordered two Catholic soldiers to the guard-room for refusing to attend the service of the Established Church on Christmas Day. He was answered by General Peel that inquiry had been made at the Horse Guards and no report of such an occurrence had been received there. Of course not; nor is it likely to be.

Lord Clanricarde has changed his mind with regard to the revelations he intended making, touching his past career. The devourers of scandal are disgusted with his inconsequent conduct.

Bernard's examination was again resumed on Saturday. Joseph Taylor, of Birmingham, engineer, deposed to having made the bombs for Allsop. Letters from Allsop to Bernard stating that Napoleon should be killed, and that he would feel pleased to hear of Orsini's progress, were produced. The examination terminated by Bernard's committal on the charges of felonious complicity to murder and conspiracy.

On the occasion of Lord Eglinton's public entry into Dublin, a serious affray took place between the students of Trinity College and the police. The amiable young gentlemen who learn to play the cornet-a-piston within the academic walls, amused themselves by throwing oranges, unhealthy eggs, and squibs, among the crowd. The police were singled out particularly as the object of their attentions. Finding that they had too much of this fun, the police charged the students, whom they punished pretty severely. A great deal of sympathy is expressed for the students in *Orange* quarters, and an inquiry is to be made into the affair. The police are represented as bloodthirsty as the Sepoys. All who know the angelic character of Trinity boys will wonder at the Hindoo cruelty of the police. Their atrocities, however, like those of the Sepoys, have been exaggerated, and I have it on the best authority that the youths of the gown received very little—if any—more than they deserved. W.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

The great topic.—The Pamphlet: Napoleon III. and England.—Its principal features.—History of the Conspiracies against the Emperor's Life.—The Conspirators always come from England.—France's Grievances against England.—Sincerity of the Emperor to his Ally.—Englishmen in Paris.—A Personal Fact.—Disturbances and Arrests.

PARIS, 11th March, 1858.

All Paris is occupied to-day with one subject. In the *cafe*, where the merchant goes to take his cup of coffee, by the counter of the *marchand de vin*, at the theatres during the *entr'acte*, at the opera when the favorite singer is not on the stage, in the *salon* where madame la comtesse receives the political, artistic, or financial notabilities, the topic of conversation is the newly published pamphlet entitled: *Napoleon III et l'Angleterre.* This pamphlet, according to the government press, explains fully and faithfully the opinions of the Emperor on the question of the Anglo-French alliance. It shows the relations of France with England since the election of Louis Napoleon as President of the French Republic. When that event took place Napoleon found around him but parties hostile to, or having little sympathy with England. The Legitimists religiously cherished their historical resentment against the traditional enemy of France; the Orleanists regretted the protection which had humiliated them, as well as the abandonment they suffered before their fall; the Republicans could not forget Pitt leagued with Cobourg to annihilate the Revolution; the wounds of the Imperialists had not ceased to bleed. It was the desire of the President to cement an alliance with England in spite of the opinion of the country and its representatives. The pamphlet goes on to show that the alliance once contracted, England had no more faithful, more devoted, more disinterested friend than the Emperor. Rather a curious statement, is it not, on the part of the nephew of him who was killed by inches on a rock, away behind Africa, called Saint Helena? Pursuing his theme the writer remarks that, in the Eastern war, many saw English rather than French interests concerned, which did not prevent the Emperor from sending to the Crimea three times as many soldiers as England, and shows the French soldiers aiding the English in every possible way, opening roads for them, transporting their guns, ammunition, and provisions. He then treats of the Danubian Principalities question, and says, that the Indian war instead of making the Emperor more exacting towards his ally, made him more conciliating at Osborne.

But the most important part of the pamphlet is, of course, that which relates to the attempt of the 14th January. The writer traces the history of all the plots against the life of the Emperor, and shows that they all have been lain by persons in England. Every blow aimed at him was given from British soil: in June, 1852, the discovery of a manufactory of infernal machines in the Rue Blanche, and the seizure of correspondence proving that plot had been conceived in London; Kelch, Galli, and Rossi arrested in January, 1853, came from London, were sent and paid by the Democratic Central Committee; Boichot, arrested and condemned a few months after, came from London; Mazen, one of Ledru Rollin's most active instruments, who invented, in 1854, a detonating bomb for the purpose of assassinating the Emperor, condemned by default in Belgium as well as his accomplices, Landers and Brunet, found an asylum in London in the midst of plotters of assassination who received them as brothers; Carpeza arrested shortly afterwards bearing a bomb of the same description, was a member of a society organized by Delecluze, Ledru Rollin's emissary; Deron, Louis de Vandomme, the brothers Jacquin, D'henins, and Desquiens, of whom the principal instigator, Deron, now lives in the greatest intimacy with Ledru Rollin; in 1854, Pianori arrived from London; then Ti-

baldi, Grilli, and Bartolotti who received their impulsion from the same place, and finally Orsini and his accomplices came from London, the bombs had been manufactured in England, two Englishmen and a Frenchman, a refugee in London were moreover accessories before the fact. The speeches of the refugees in London, the sympathy they meet with among certain classes in England, and the letters of Felix Pyat are enumerated as grievances. All these causes of complaint are pointed out as explanatory of the French feeling towards England, the effervescence of which was the addresses of the army. In view of all these facts, and the toleration which was so audaciously abused, France would not believe that the existing law of England was sufficiently efficacious. She became annoyed and irritated. As to the Imperial government it contented itself by explaining the situation, showing the causes of the irritation which was manifested in the country, confiding in the honor of England that satisfaction would be given to justice, morality, social interest, and the rights of nations. The entire pamphlet goes to prove that the Emperor of the French has been more English than French. Is it proved ? I think nearly so. But was it wise to prove the fact ? I must be permitted to doubt it.

Paris is rather uncomfortable for Englishmen and Italians at present. Your correspondent daily returns thanks for the fact that long and hard study and his Celtic organ of speech have enabled him to speak the "lingo" "like a native," or as we say here, "like father and mother." The slightest Britannic excentricity of *tournure* or accent is sure to obtain for its unfortunate possessor a *surveillance* from the moment he gets up in the morning until he goes to bed at night—and possibly while he is in bed also. Anglo-Saxon tongues never lose their mother accent.

Political *emeutes* have taken place at several places. On Saturday night at Chalons-sur-Saone, a band of men surprised a small post of infantry, and then went to the Railway terminus crying: "*Vive la Republique!* The Republic is proclaimed in Paris! *Chalonnais! aux armes!*" The inspector of the terminus, an old soldier, got together his employees and drove the assailants back. The rioters then rushed towards the bridge to prevent the alarm been given at the barracks. The officers of the garrison who had hastened to the Sous-prefecture to know what was the matter, forced a passage sword in hand. The arrival of the troops soon after was the signal for the dispersion of the rioters, and fifteen of the ring-leaders were arrested before midnight. A *rassemblement* took place in the capital itself, and fifty of the most active connected with it were arrested. Notwithstanding all the precautions taken, another attempt was made at a risng in this incomprehensible city of Paris during the night of the 4th, which was, however, quickly put down, and twenty persons arrested. Arrests to the number of twenty have been made in Lyons, twelve in Marseilles, and a couple of hundred throughout the departments. These risings create much uneasiness, and have an exceedingly depressing effect on business. The pulse of France is at the present moment irregular and feverish. It may, however, be only a spring fever. =.

The execution of Orsini and Pierri.—Their conduct.—Pierri's levity.—Orsini and his Confessor.—The toilet of the condemned.—Pierri sings at the platform of the Guillotine—Orsini calm and silent.—The end.—Sardinia.—M. Pierri's resignation—Herzegovrini.—Spain—Consecration.—Rev. Pere Felix.—Mgr. de Charbonnel.

PARIS, 18th March, 1858.

The last act of the bloody drama, the first act of which was played on the 14th January, has terminated. Orsini and Pierri have suffered this punishment of their crime; the guillotine has wreaked its fearful vengeance. Orsini preserved his calmness to the end; Pierri was agitated and affected a levity he did not feel. The truly brave man, though he fears not the Great Destroyer respects him and he who jests in the presence of death is either a madman or a coward.

The appeal from the sentence of the Court of Assizes was rejected in the case of Orsini and Pierri, but de Rudio's punishment was commuted to hard labor for life. The worthy Abbe Hugon, the Almoner of the prison of La Roquette, visited Orsini in his cell, after the decision, but without making it known to the condemned man, asked him, if, in his position, he did not think that he ought to have recourse to the consolations of religion and make his peace with God. Orsini received the gentle proposal calmly and confessed himself. Already at five o'clock on the morning of the execution, platoons of the Imperial Gendarmerie, of hussars and other corps took up their position in the neighborhood of the prison and in the adjacent streets. At six, the Director of the prison, the Abbe Hugon and the Abbe Noletet informed the two unfortunates that the terrible moment of expiation had arrived. Pierri was greatly agitated, and muttered indistinct and unavailing threats; Orsini heard the announcement without betraying the slightest agitation. They were then separately conducted to the Chapel of the prison by the two Clergymen and afterwards underwent the preparatives called *la toilette des condamnes* (toilet of the condemned). They were then brought together again Pierri still greatly excited, cried to Orsini on seeing him: "*Eh bien! mon vieux!*" (Well! old boy!) Orsini merely replied: "Du calme! du calme!" (Be calm! be calm!) Pierri then asked for a cup of coffee and a glass of rum, which were given him, but a second glass of rum being requested by him was refused by the Director. While his feet were being bared and his head veiled, Orsini remained perfectly silent. When the veil was being placed on Pierri's head he cried: "They're dressing me like an old coquette!" and when his shoes were being taken off: "As good luck would have it I washed my feet yesterday!" Neither of the two offered to make any revelations with regard to the conspiracy. A few moments before seven the doors of the prison were opened; Pierri walked first, veiled and barefooted, and assisted by the Abbe Notelet, who held him by the arm. "Fear nothing," said Pierri to the holy man, "I'm not afraid!—I'm going to Calvary!" Orsini, also barefooted and veiled, and accompanied by the Abbe Hugon, walked after Pierri. At the foot of the scaffold an official read the sentence, and when he had concluded, the two condemned walked steadily up the steps which led to the platform. On leaving the prison Pierri commenced singing the celebrated air, the Girondins' song when marching to the scaffold: *Mourrir pour la Patrie;* he continued his song on the platform of the guillotine! When Pierri's head had fallen, Orsini, who up to that moment had remained perfectly silent, cried out; *Vive l'Italie! Vive la France!* They were his last words, for in a few seconds afterwards his immortal soul had gone before its Maker to answer for his crime, and the immense multitude who witnessed the execution separated in silence.

Our Turin files inform us that the Committee appointed by the Chamber to examine the Government bill against political assassination and the justification of such assassination through the press had rejected the measure by a majority of 5 to 2.

The Imperial Government has addressed a note to the Swiss federal authorities relative to the measures to be taken with regard to Conspirators against foreign sovereigns. The language of the note is exceedingly plain and cannot be palatable to our Helvetian neighbors. No delay will be brooked, no shuffling of the cantonal authorities allowed and Switzerland is told that if she does not do what the Government of Napoleon III. requires she must take the responsibility of her conduct.

M. Pietri is no longer Prefet de Police; his resignation has been accepted. That it was not accepted sooner has been a matter of astonishment to me and I could only explain it by the fact that M. Pietri is a Corsican and Corsicans are very dangerous enemies. Ill health is assigned as the ostensible cause of his retirement but one need not be a magician to see that it is a consequence of the late plot, as was also the resignation of the Minister of the Interior. M. Boittelle, Prefect of the department of Yonne, take M. Pietri's place which in the present state of things will be no sinecure.

In Herzegovina, the Christians still resist the tyranny and oppression of the Turks. Our western governments who were so ready to place their shields between the Moslem and the Muscovite, are mute when Christians are victims of the followers of the prophet.

The Madrid papers announce the death of Mgr. Antoine Cid y Carasal, bishop of Coria. Mgr. Carasal was born at Fregenal on the 15th of January 1789, consecrated bishop by the Consistory of the 27th of September 1852, and died on the 14th of last month at the Oratary of Saint Philip de Neri at Seville.

The new parish church of Notre Dame des Pres in the Rue de Rennes was consecrated in the beginning of the week. The Abbe Duchene, formerly vicar of the Abbaye-aux-Bois, was solemnly installed as Cure.

The third of the Reverend Pere Felix's conferences was given last evening at Notre Dame. The eloquent preacher was listened to, as during the preceding conferences, by an immense auditory in which I remarked several of the notabilities of Paris.

The *Univers* announces that Mgr. de Charbonnel, Bishop of Toronto, is preparing to return to Canada. The distinguished prelate is unable to accept all the invitations given to him to preach for the Association for the Propagation of the Faith. He will henceforth preach only in those cities through which his business obliges him to pass. The number of persons who have been incited to join the Association by the preaching of the eloquent prelate is estimated at 50,000. What a gift is eloquence, and what a glorious use to make of it!

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

The Rev. Mr. Bridgman, Roman Catholic Chaplain of Secundrabad, is obliged to return to Europe on account of ill health. Mr. O'Sullivan, who left Madras in the end of last year, broken down in health after twenty years' residence in India, and after laboring at Poonawalla, Vepery, and Bellary, from 1845 to 1857, during which he made two marches with European regiments, once in 1847, with a wing of the 84th to Secundrabad, and again in 1852, with the Madras Fusiliers from Bellary to Madras, he was also obliged through ill-health to return to Europe, bearing with him the regret of his flock and the thanks and good opinion of his bishop. His passage money was made up by subscription. The Rev. Mr. O'Sullivan is a native of the Diocese of Kerry, and nephew of our respected friend, Rev. Charles O'Callaghan, of Bally-M'Elligott. After his long and arduous services in India the reverend gentleman is obliged to accept an humble curacy in his native county.—*Tralee Chronicle.*

The erection of the new Roman Catholic Chapel in Enniskerry has been commenced.

It is said the Dominican is replaced by the Jesuit Order in Demerara.

The beautiful and interesting ceremony of the profession of two amiable young ladies was performed at the Convent Chapel, Ballinrobe, on Thursday, the 4th March. His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. MacHale officiated on the occasion. Many of the clergy were present. The young ladies professed were Miss Bridget Hegarty of Ballinrobe, now known in religion Sister Mary Gabriel, and Miss Fitzpatrick, Dublin, in religion Sister Mary Paul. Many persons attended.—*Castlebar Telegraph.*

We regret having to record the death of Miss Mary Margaret Ahearn (in religion, Sister Mary Josephine), daughter of Michael Ahearn, Patrick street, in this city. This sad event took place on Wednesday, at Queenstown, in the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, of which holy and useful community she was a young and promising member.—*Waterford Chronicle.*

The Lenten evening devotions in the boudoir of the Empress have been followed assiduously by a chosen few. These "instructions," as they are called, are preached by the reverend *pere precheur*, and, after the short exhortation, a litany is recited, to which all the company respond, kneeling.

The Rev. John Butt, formerly of St. Leonard's, and whose zealous labors in the Crimes have gained for him universal esteem, is now attached to the mission at Arundel; and we regret to hear that the Very Rev. Canon Tierney is indisposed.—*Weekly Register.*

A collection was made at the doors of St. Patrick's Church, Dundalk, on Sunday, the 7th March, in aid of the Catholic University, and we are happy to be able to state that more than £50 was received,

His Holiness has recently conferred on the Rev. J. Macpherson, President of St. Mary's College, Blairs, Scotland, the degree of doctor in divinity.

The Pope, as a mark of regard to the Queen of the Spanish nation, was about to confer the dignity of Cardinal on three Spanish archbishops.

Domestic.

RELIGIOUS RECEPTION.—At the Convent of the Visitation, Mount de Sales, on the morning of the 25th of March, Miss Sarah Sparron, of Anne Arundel County, and Miss Catherine Owens, of Baltimore, were admitted to the religious habit, receiving the names of Sister Mary Clare Joseph, and Sister Mary Cleophas, the latter in rank of domestic Sister,—the Rev. Father Vanden Heuvel presiding.—*Baltimore Catholic Mirror.*

The Visitation of the Diocese of Baltimore will be held at St. Mary's, Alexandria, on Trinity Sunday; at the Church of St. Ignatius, Prince George's County, on Monday, May 31; St. Mary's, Piscataway, June 1; St. Ignatius, upper Zachia, June 2; St. Mary's, Bryantown, Feast of Corpus Domnis; St. Mary's, Newport, June 5; St. Thomas', near Port Tobacco, Sunday, June 6.—*Ibid.*

We learn from the Cannelton *Reporter* that a new Catholic Church is about to be erected in that place—the present edifice being insufficient to accommodate the large and increasing congregation. The *Reporter* says that the miners in the employ of Messrs. H. D. Newcomb & Bro. have contributed $1,200 to the new church.—*Vincennes* (Ia.) *Western Sun.*

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